TEN CENTS A COPY

The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

VOLUME X — NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1934 — NUMBER 39

On Our Way—But Where Are We Going?

Sharp Right or Left

A Review by NORMAN THOMAS

MR. THOMAS

President Roosevelt's new book* demonstrates conclusively that we are going somewhere. That it does not show where we are going is, perhaps, to the American temperament a minor matter. It is something after the waste years that we have a president who has courage, political shrewdness, a liberal point of view, and a willingness to act. Likewise it is something that he is as articulate as this book proves him to be.

What the President has done in the book under review is to collect, generally speaking, in chronological order his more important speeches and messages in the crowded year in which he has guided the affairs of the nation. He has tied together this compilation with running comment. The result is a very handy book of reference but scarcely of illumination. Any attempt to construct Mr. Roosevelt's social philosophy must still rest upon his deeds and upon public documents already available to the country. I have looked and looked in vain for more light than we already have upon those developments inside and outside Mr. Roosevelt's mind which made him destroy the London Conference which once he had professed to love. Whether or not the President believes in a commodity dollar, how far he will go in the direction of inflation, how he expects to get the economy of abundance by vigorously pushing a plan for making the farmer prosperous through artificial scarcity—these and a dozen other questions of like interest remain at least as speculative as they were before "On Our Way" appeared.

In his Foreword the President does tell us what everybody, except possibly Dr. Wirt, ought to have known; namely, that his new policy is neither fascism nor communism. I can vouch for the fact that it isn't socialism although for some reason the President does not use that word. He himself still uses rhetorical and ethical terms to describe what he is doing. The New Deal, he assures us, "expresses a satisfactory combination of the Square Deal and the New Freedom." He is very fond of elaborating the idea of good neighbors and what they owe each other. There is much to be said for this sort of writing in terms of political leadership at the present moment in American affairs. It is not enlightening in terms of political or economic philosophy.

When the President gets down from rhetorical and ethical generalities he makes it evident that he believes in planning of some sort; that he regards the inauguration of N.R.A. as a new and significant date in history, and that he has no intention of taking "recovery" too literally. He is genuinely out for a program of reconstruction.

But that reconstruction is clearly to

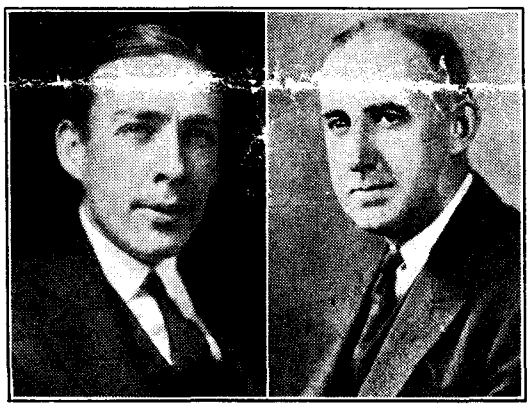
(Continued on next page)

* *ON OUR WAY. By Franklin D. Roosevelt. New York: John Day Co.* 1934. $2.50.

Absurd to Ask

A Review by ADOLF A. BERLE, JR.

TWICE in its history the United States, through the process of a presidential election, has plainly, obviously, and with deliberate intent, changed both political and economic direction. The first occasion was the election of Thomas Jefferson, familiarly known to students of American history as "the Revolution of 1800," followed by the decline of the mercantile Federalists. The second was the presidential election in 1932. Both occurred in periods in history when governments throughout the world were shaking themselves loose from previous forms. In 1800, the French Revolution was just astern, and liberal democracy based on political idealism was establishing itself on the ruins of absolute monarchy. In 1932, the war, the Russian Revolution, and the fascist development in Italy were just astern, and the western world was endeavoring to cope with the havoc caused by an out-of-gear system of terribly concentrated industrial and financial power. This latter change, however, occurred against a background of national catastrophe and individual suffering or fear beyond any conception of the country in 1800—



MR. BERLE AND MR. MOLEY
Photos by Keystone Views Co.

beyond it probably even in 1860. The conditions required a reorientation of ideas with unexampled rapidity. The collection of state papers which forms the basis of President Roosevelt's volume,* "On Our Way," is the historic record of the beginning of the change in the relations of government to business and economic life; it is accordingly of first importance as source material.

No collection of state papers can be history. By very hypothesis, they are results; the important and fascinating study of reasons, of methods of thought, of personalities, and of problems which led up to those results cannot be made until the passing years have uncovered confidential correspondence, diaries, and notes; and perhaps have brought personalities and measures into perspective. A situation occurring today is a crisis; if it occurred last week, it was a flurry. With propriety, "On Our Way" carefully eliminates any material of this kind.

What does remain, however, is a fascinating case study, which proceeds along three distinct lines. There is the technique of persuasion. The speeches, naturally, are the principal example of these. There is the technique of governmental action; the executive orders. There is also the record of result in terms of governmental machinery—this last being largely in narrative form, which is little more than a bare record of the day-to-day actions taken. It is, as Mr. Roosevelt observes, the record of a "very busy year." The business of the year was, concisely, to put

(Continued on next page)

Answer in the Book

A Review by RAYMOND MOLEY

IT is too early for anyone to write a completely authoritative interpretation of the stupendous year that followed March fourth, 1933. The events were too widespread in their implications to be easily explained. Moreover, those who participated in the business of putting the government behind economic recovery were, and are, too busy and too restricted by the danger of misinterpretation to speak with complete freedom. The most useful thing that can be done is to lay before those who would study the deeper implications of the history that was made, as much as possible of the materials on the basis of which such an interpretation can be made. The best judge of these materials is obviously the man who had most to do with their creation—the President of the United States.

"On Our Way"* reprints a sparing collection of the great public documents of that year. The book, however, is only in part a reprint of documents. Interspersed between the documents are the President's comments and at the beginning and end of the book there is a full elaboration of the President's point of view.

An interpretation of his course of action in the past year, written by the President of the United States, can be done in only one way—a wholly simple and unhurried statement of facts. The simplicity necessary to such a statement can be achieved only by artistic feeling and effort. This simplicity the President has accomplished. Witness the description of one of the most momentous events of the year—the abandonment of the gold standard.

Many useless volumes could be written as to whether on April twentieth the United States actually abandoned the gold standard. In one sense, we did not because the legal gold content of the dollar was unchanged and because the Government and the banks retained all gold as the basis for currency. On the other hand, gold here in the United States ceased to be a medium of exchange.

The next morning the Secretary came in to see me. I think that he and I felt very happy because we had cut the Gordian knot. His face was wreathed in smiles, but I looked at him and said: "Mr. Secretary, I have some very bad news for you. I have to announce to you the serious fact that the United States has gone off the gold standard." Mr. Woodin is a good sport. He threw up both hands, opened his eyes wide and exclaimed: "My heavens! What, again?"

That order was the turning point. Its result was felt almost immediately. American exchange weakened in terms of foreign currencies; and the price level at home went up substantially. Everyone realized at last that we were serious in our purpose of conserving our own financial resources, that we proposed to maintain our currency, and that at the same time we had determined

(Continued on next page)

Deponent Sayeth Not

A Review by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

MR. WHITE

Apocryphally, a wise old Democratic cynic, dean of the newspaper group in Washington, who has written a sheaf of books, is quoted as saying of the second Roosevelt, "I hope you will not let the essential charm of his personality and the joyous flare of his spirit blind you to the turgidity of his thinking." Such declarations are prevalent among the President's enemies and are subject to a commercial discount of forty and five—forty on general principles, five more if you take it literally—upon any particular subject.

In introducing this book,* "On Our Way," he writes:

> I think it will interest you if I set forth the fundamentals of this planning for national recovery, and this, I am certain, will make it abundantly clear to you that all of the proposals and all of the legislation since the fourth day of March have not been just a collection of haphazard schemes, but the rather orderly component parts of a connected logical whole.

One who reads the book carefully will not see "the orderly component parts of a connected logical whole," and most certainly the President does not make it "abundantly clear" that the various federal projects to end the depression and pry up the sunrise of a new day are not just exactly that—"a collection of haphazard schemes." Moreover, the reader who takes the publisher's blurb seriously and looks within the book to see how the President "describes his basic ideas for the reconstruction program as it affects national planning for economic and social betterment," might quite properly go to the John Day Company and ask for his money back. For the contents of this most interesting and highly revealing volume describe almost everything in the world but the President's "basic ideas for the reconstruction program as it affects national

(Continued on page 632)

This Week

THE QUEEN AND MR. GLADSTONE
By PHILIP GUEDALLA
Reviewed by Wallace Notestein

SEVEN GOTHIC TALES
By ISAK DINESEN
Reviewed by William Rose Benét

LOUIS BROMFIELD OF MANSFIELD
By FRIEDA INESCORT

THE NEW DEALERS
By "UNOFFICIAL OBSERVER"
Reviewed by Felix Morley

TENDER IS THE NIGHT
By F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

PROBLEMS OF A NOVELIST
By H. M. TOMLINSON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Norman Thomas

(*Continued from first page*)

be within the confines of the capitalist system. This is obvious from his own statement of the three essential steps for a policy of reconstruction. Thus he describes it:

> Three steps, all interrelated, were necessary: first, by drastic measures to eliminate special privilege in the control of the old economic and social structure by a numerically very small but very powerful group of individuals so set in authority that they dominated business and banking and government itself; second, to war on crime and graft and to build up moral values; and third, to seek a return of the swing of the pendulum which for three generations had been swinging toward a constantly increasing concentration of wealth in fewer and fewer hands—a swing back in the direction of a wider distribution of the wealth and property of the nation.

This statement is far more nearly in line with fascist capitalism than with any sort of socialism. It assumes that the clock can be set back and that the policy of concentration of wealth and power can be stopped. It reiterates the old fallacy that one may accept the general structure of price and profit which capitalism has given us and yet cut out of it special privilege without killing the system. It assumes that a return to the ideals of a simpler capitalism is consistent with planning, although the essence of capitalism, even of a reformed capitalism, is that if we can get rid of certain abuses automatic laws of markets will take care of the rest. Actually, as his own experience ought to have shown him, one cannot successfully marry planning for the common good and the supremacy of the profit system. They are logically and psychologically incompatible. At this very moment N.R.A. is probably more popular among a certain group of business men who have discovered that it makes it possible to fix prices than it is with any other sec-

NRA TOOK HER OUT OF THE MILLS
(*Photo from National Child Labor Committee*)

tion of the community. The little business men do not like it but big business, which is in a position to set up a semi-monopolistic schedule of prices under the legal and ethical sanctions of the codes, is doing very nicely, thank you. Both N.R.A. and A.A.A. are accelerating the inevitable growth of concentration. It is much easier for big business to get along under the codes and to manage the codes than for little business. Mr. Darrow's committee cannot change that situation. The operation of A.A.A. has been decidedly favorable to the landlord and has definitely worsened the already deplorable plight of the little man, in this case the share cropper. A reduction of acreage inevitably will mean a further reduction of the number of farmers. They will become city workers, if they have a chance, or migratory workers, or occasional agricultural laborers miserably underpaid.

I do not say this by way of criticism of President Roosevelt in particular. What is happening is the natural consequence of capitalism, a consequence that the New Deal cannot stop and can scarcely arrest. We are on our way but it is not a way clearly marked out by the New Deal. Sooner or later we shall swerve sharply to a fascist right or to a Socialist left. Mr. Roosevelt's further leadership for evil or for good will depend upon his making up his mind on this question and deciding

MR. WOODIN WITH $2,000,000,000 OF NEW MONEY (*Wide World Photos*)

which way he personally ought to go and which way he can lead the American people. The answer, however, will depend less upon any one man, even the President of the United States, than upon the capacity of a mass of workers with hand and brain to organize intelligently in order to use the power of the state to achieve a social order based on the acceptance of abundance.

Adolf A. Berle, Jr.

(*Continued from first page*)

the federal government into immediate relationship with the principal areas of American finance and American business, with a double end. First, these institutions had to resume functioning—which they certainly were not, on March 4th, 1933. As one listens to the prevailing comment that matters were getting better anyhow and that a policy of non-interference would probably have produced the same result, there seems to be a strong tendency to forget this fact. The second was that the functioning, when it did begin, should be gradually adapted towards producing a human result, namely, live. Again there is a tendency to forget that well over 30% of the entire population of the United States, in March, 1933, was either standing in a relief line, or accepting private charity, or living almost at the subsistence level.

The Administration, consequently, had to act first to meet a situation as best it could; thereafter, to direct national affairs so as to produce a better approximation towards the national conception of the good life. It had also a third problem, which constantly obtruded itself upon the first two, though its outlines barely emerge in this record. This was the endeavor so to arrange matters that the crisis of 1932-33 would not occur again.

Plainly, the Administration was a tremendous success in meeting the immediate exigency. The vibrant personality of the President, and his indomitable gift for persuasion, were able to change the national mind from one of emotional terror to one of confidence and hope. How thin the ice over which we then skated was may be realized by anyone who remembers Mr. Roosevelt's radio appeal prior to reopening the banks (p. 27) and who pauses to wonder what would have happened if the bulk of American depositors had decided that on the whole they preferred the stocking to the reopened bank. The swift moves which followed, all adapted to maintaining that confidence, and to fulfilling the implied obligation that no one who staked his welfare on the government should lose by it, are very nearly masterpieces of governmental action. They do show that a democracy, when it is either resolute enough or frightened enough (will we ever know which?), can pull itself together, act as a unit, and move fast.

The slower moves on the board are less clear-cut in outline, less individual, and by consequence, less brilliant. Properly so, because they were more matters of debate, more matters in which a consensus of national opinion had to be taken, and consequently the technique was rather that of finding a greatest common divisor than of taking command of a particular exigency.

Properly, this book leaves the philosophy and objectives of the New Deal to be derived from its content; a clear statement or summary is not attempted. This is the precise difference between government and academic work. No single philosophy, no single set of objectives, can quite fit the intricate cross-current of interests in a country the size of the United States. It is as absurd to ask for a commitment to a definite thesis (save in broadest outlines) as it is for Dr. Wirt to be looking for a Stalin, or for a group of back-room individuals capable of running the United States into a purely revolutionary jam. Life is not made that way. Mr. Roosevelt, as an individual, has his own philosophy and could state his own objectives. As a great *chef d'état*, he can use his influence in molding the national objectives towards his own; but he has no business to insist that his objectives are necessarily those of the nation. It is perhaps in this restraint that his greatest quality lies.

This book emphasizes the need of a companion volume. Mr. Roosevelt's pre-no collection of the actual text of his speeches and state papers prior to inauguration, in the form in which they were delivered. Instinctively, as one reads "On Our Way," one reaches for the text of his speeches while Governor of New York and during the campaign; no such volume is available.

Likewise, the whole trend of the book tends to support the thesis that as a nation thinks, so is it; that the underlying intellectual conceptions on which a measure of agreement can be had, in the last analysis dominate the politics even of as diffuse a continental empire as our own. What really appears is an irruption of ideas not new in individual thinking, but new in the technique of government, into the field of practical political action. Due to the peculiar situation, the country found itself willing to accept these ideas in action as well as in theory; Mr. Roosevelt, partly as politician, partly as advocate, partly as statesman, evolving ideas, discovering them, or using them, vastly increased the possibility of service which a government could render, and which his government did render. That lesson is not likely to be forgotten in our time. In a sense, it is standing proof of the old philosophical doctrine that the ultimate purpose of government is, in the largest sense, education.

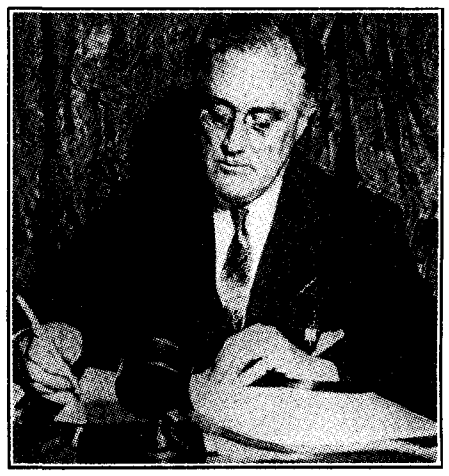
Raymond Moley

(*Continued from first page*)

definitely to seek an increase in all values.

The same simplicity is present in the foreword, where the President attempts to sum up his policy:

> Some people have called our new policy "fascism." It is not fascism because its inspiration springs from the mass of the people themselves rather than from a class or a group or a marching army. Moreover, it is being achieved without a change in fundamental republican method. We have kept the faith with, and in, our traditional political institutions.
>
> Some people have called it "communism"; it is not that either. It is not a driving regimentation founded upon the plans of a perpetuating directorate which subordinates the making of laws and the processes of the courts to the orders of the executive. Neither does it manifest itself in the total elimination of any class or in the abolition of private property.
>
> By almost general acceptance the people have adopted the habit of calling

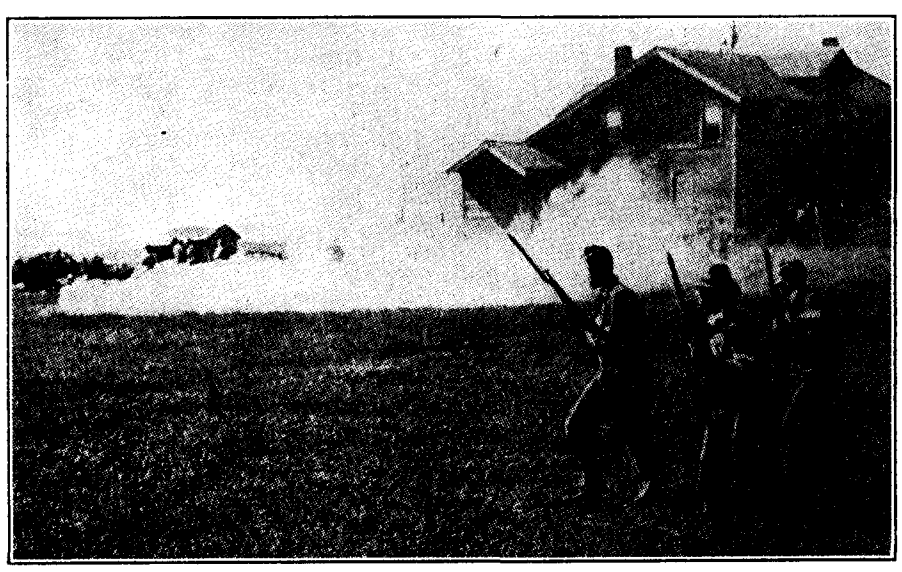


A CHAPTER OF "ON OUR WAY"

suggested that the phrase expresses a satisfactory combination of the Square Deal and the New Freedom. The appropriateness of this suggestion is indicated by the fact that some of the achievements of the past year will be the fulfilment of the progressive ideas expounded by Theodore Roosevelt of a partnership between business and government and also of the determination of Woodrow Wilson that business should be subjected, through the power of government, to drastic legal limitations against abuses. Thus we have recognized that in some respects government sits down at a table of partnership with business; but in others, it exerts the superior authority of police power to enforce fairness and justice as they should exist among the various elements in economic life. This combination of remedies is made necessary by the fact of revolutionary changes in the conditions of modern life.

There is a kind of pedantic theorizing about government that insistently demands that the New Deal be interpreted in terms of a scheme of political regeneration, complete in all aspects and containing within its capacious program not only

(*Continued on page 632*)



MILITIA ROUTS PICKETS IN WISCONSIN FARM STRIKE (*Wide World*)
Photograph ... page reproduced from "The Roosevelt Year," a photographic record ed... re Lorentz (Funk & Wagnalls), to be reviewed next week.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Deference Due a Queen

THE QUEEN AND MR. GLADSTONE. By Philip Guedalla. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1934. $5.

Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN

"IT would not be true," writes Guedalla, "to say that their age knew too little of Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone. If anything, it knew a shade too much. Their lightest sayings and their smallest mannerisms—her royal poise, her pony carriage, and her gifts of Paisley shawls; his reverberating dialectics, his tree-fellings at Hawarden, his literary preferences, and his Sunday readings of the lessons—were of the very texture of the age: and by a natural reaction the age turned elsewhere for a change. . . . But increasing distance restores a just perspective; and as the age recedes, its two leading figures resume their true proportions . . . the little hills drop away out of sight; and as we look back at the nineteenth century, the peaks come up against the sky once more."

It is hard to think of Queen Victoria as a peak. But that is exactly what Gladstone was. His reputation, as that of many others, has been going through a cycle. In his own time he was the hero of the middle classes in England; he was more than that, he was the most admired figure of America and of the British Empire. Gladstone needed no cult.

With the twentieth century his fame went into eclipse. Franchise reform, the mission of liberalism, had been accomplished. The seriousness of Gladstone had gone out of fashion, and the middle classes had been mocked by Shaw. Disraeli was more fortunate. All the cynical political jests attributed to him have been preserved and savored by a new generation that has come to believe that there is no salvation in politics.

Yet it needs little reflection to realize that Gladstone's reputation is again growing and that of Disraeli declining. It is not so much historians who have brought about that change as after events. As for Disraeli's foreign policy and imperialism, the Great War has made its comment upon them. The English dead at Gallipoli might well have as an inscription above their graves: Tell the English that we lie here because Dizzy saved the Turks. That would be only a partial truth, but we know now that Disraeli's aggressions on behalf of a power that had already more than her share of the world and had best have gone quietly, were among the causes that set going the rivalries eventually so disastrous. We are beginning to see that Gladstone's Christian conscience in foreign affairs, his desire to do justice even to little peoples, had long wisdom in it.

It is of course not so much Gladstone's policies as his official relations with the Queen that appear in this book. It is a book of documents, of the correspondence between Gladstone and Queen Victoria. Of the letters and telegrams between them preserved in the Hawarden Collection of the Gladstone family, some 6,000, Guedalla has here printed about 1,500, five-sixths of which have not been published before. In an introductory commentary of about one hundred and fifty pages, he traces the relations between Minister and Sovereign from its pleasant beginnings to its less happy last stages. This essay is written with restraint and brilliance. Nothing that Mr. Guedalla has done is better than these pages. As for the many letters he has here published, historians and general readers must be grateful to the editor and to the Gladstone family. The letters add much to our knowledge of details. It cannot be said that they change much our notions either of Gladstone or of the Queen. During the last few years the volumes of the "Letters of Queen Victoria" brought out by Buckle have given us much more knowledge of the Queen's character and of her prejudices and likes. They have revealed the Queen as a more intelligent and abler person than had been realized. They have not served to increase admiration for her as a constitutional sovereign. It is usually said that by the early nineteenth century the Crown had been put in its place and that Parliament was supreme. The constitutional manuals of the mid-nineteenth century assumed as much. Yet the Queen did not so interpret history. In 1871 she wrote to Gladstone: "The Queen cannot help seeing the increasing disposition of Parliament to interfere with all executive functions." Gladstone had to keep on civil terms with her and yet to stand up for what were recognized as the customs of the Constitution.

If she overstepped those bounds within which royalty had been hedged, she was reluctant to carry out those tasks of pageantry expected of the sovereign. The desolation of widowhood was an excuse a long while for omitting public duties, and as the years went on she made health and her family another standing excuse. She was a spoiled old lady who spent much of her time in being sorry for herself and who took it for granted that the House of Commons should defer to her feelings and the state of her health. There was criticism of her in the press and in public speeches, and Gladstone had to stand between her and a restive public. When he attempted to persuade the Queen to postpone a few days her flight to Scotland, in order to facilitate the work of Parliament and of the Cabinet, she wrote him:

> If there was a great important question to be decided the Queen would not hesitate in sacrificing convenience, tho' she might not be able to do so for her health; but where it is merely to gratify the fancy of the troublesome House of Commons especially when it is their fault that Parliament has lasted so long—she must say that she thinks it very unwise to yield beyond a certain point.

When she finally refused to yield, Gladstone wrote to Ponsonby, her secretary:

> We have done all that we can. She will decide. Of course if challenged, I shall take the whole responsibility. But this shield will not wear very long. The whole business is one of the most deplorable I have ever known.

She must not be too much blamed. The circumstances of her life had made her what she was. The deference due to Majesty is too likely to ruin the character of majesty, to make of agreeable young people insufferably selfish and self-centred old people. When one reads some of these letters, it is hard to remember the charming young woman of Kensington addressing the kneeling Archbishop. Those seeking philosophy in history will come nearer to solid ground in a study of royalty than in most fields upon which they are likely to venture. Power is poisonous, insisted Henry Adams, but the social trappings of power, when the power is gone, are equally hard on character, indeed perhaps harder.

Victoria had to accept much that she did not like. Gladstone's last two administrations were gall and wormwood to her. She disliked everything for which he had come to stand; even about the little things she would protest and protest, and usually without avail. She made the mistake again and again of asserting her opinion and of being compelled at length to yield to Gladstone's insistence. She made her own life unnecessarily hard. "Affairs do not become quieter as the years go on," she wrote to Gladstone, "but the reverse—and the life of a constitutional sovereign especially—of a formal one—with a very large family, is a hard and trying one."

It became worse with Gladstone's last governments. Guedalla says that Gladstone was growing more radical with age and the Queen more conservative. It may be doubted whether Gladstone was becoming more radical. The young radicals of the Liberal party, Joseph Chamberlain, Sir Charles Dilke, and their many supporters, eager for those measures of social reform that were already in the air, but that were destined to be put off until the time of Lloyd George, thought that Gladstone was holding back the Liberal party. That the Liberal party would have moved more to the Left but for Gladstone can hardly be questioned. But he was a politician, and he found it necessary to recognize the new elements in the party. They were elements the Queen could not tolerate. She was not blind to the radical tendencies of the eighties; she disliked Chamberlain and loathed Dilke; she realized the drift of the Commons and thought it Gladstone's duty to stem it.

> The Queen [she wrote] thinks Mr. Gladstone has it in his power by his experience and influence as well as by his large majority, to raise the tone and not let the House of Commons become, as it were, the executive power.

She was asking Gladstone to become King Canute and stop the tide. The Reform Bills and the widening of the franchise were having their effect at length, and middle-class idealism could not long be resisted. She was asking a lot of Gladstone in respect to foreign policy. Gladstone had been swept into power by a country that was sick of Disraeli's imperialistic adventures and that had some faint foreboding of where they might lead. Disraeli had taught the Queen to believe that foreign policy was hers and her métier. The old jest runs that Gladstone treated the Queen as a public meeting, but the truth is that she did the lecturing and that he treated her with great personal consideration.

A VICTORIAN TRIPTYCH: DISRAELI, VICTORIA, GLADSTONE

Their minds grew farther away from one another, their meetings became increasingly formal, and even in their last parting, after fifty years of dealings, they were at a great distance. Gladstone made a note on the conclusion of his duty to the Queen. He recalled a short tour in Sicily and the undemonstrative, unsympathetic efficient service rendered by his mule.

> I could not get up the smallest shred of feeling for that brute, I could neither love it nor like it. A rule of three sum is all that is necessary to conclude with. What that Sicilian mule was to me, I have been to the Queen; and the fortnight or three weeks are represented by fifty-two or fifty-three years.

The Queen was jubilant. Archbishop Benson was on the scene, and Guedalla quotes him as saying that the Queen informed him that "Mr. Gladstone has gone out, disappeared all in a moment. His last two ministries have been failures." Indeed, she added, with a most amusing little laugh, "his last three."

Wallace Notestein is a professor of English history at Yale University whose specialty is early seventeenth century England, but whose hobby is nineteenth century English memoirs.

A Danish Genius

SEVEN GOTHIC TALES. By Isak Dinesen. New York: Smith & Haas. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IT has remained for a Dane to give us one of the most strangely flavored and subtle volumes of pure creative literature that has appeared in some time, a book of unique atmosphere and scenes indelibly delineated, a book bringing the psychological insight of a Henry James to the material of a Northern Boccaccio, a book of extraordinary fantasy that yet takes us intimately into a vivid variety of human lives. The peculiar "blend" of the volume is hard to describe, as Dorothy Canfield intimates in her introduction. The extraordinary ending of a story concerned with such real human characters as "The Monkey" takes one's breath with its fantasy—and yet the conviction grows that this is one of the most subtly managed stories of our time. The sequence of one life-story following another, as found in "The Roads Round Pisa" and "The Deluge at Norderney," now jogs the mind with memories of Cervantes, now of Boccaccio. Mrs. Fisher, in her introduction, believes the latter necklace of stories to be one of the finest in the book, and I agree with her if only for Calypso's story. I had thought, when I was reading "The Old Chevalier," that I had chanced on one of the most touching love episodes in fiction; yet the description, as supposititiously related by Miss Malin, of Calypso's tragic determination at Angelshorn, followed by her experience in the boudoir of her ancestress, is a creation in fiction of so astonishing a brilliance that I feel like ranking it among the great imagined episodes of all time, even though that may seem preposterous praise.

This book, as has been said, casts a spell. The latter tales, of "The Dreamers" and "The Poet," though too long-drawn-out, sometimes to tedium, have striking virtues. The former unwinds the strangest and most original drama of a woman of genius in relation to her various lovers; the latter juxtaposes with equal originality the emotional life of age and youth. As for "The Supper at Elsinore," in the beginning, the Danish privateering at the time of the Napoleonic wars, in its connection with the life of Morten De Coninck, is stirringly described; and the return of Morten, after long years and in final converse with his sisters, constitutes one of the most poignant ghost-stories I have ever read.

I cannot better Mrs. Fisher's attempt to describe the style of the book. It is almost impossible, as she says, to place its "strange slanting beauty of phrase," and she is right, too, when she avers that the attitude toward life of the people of this book differs "from any attitude we have met in life or in books." Therein, indeed, lies the fascination of these Northern characters, their author possessing a sophistication inherent only in the oldest continental culture, and as profound in comparison with what passes for sophistication in our own day and country as is the dark ocean to an iridescent puddle in the road.

Again and again these stories seem to digress, to ramble on from episode to episode and from character to character, yet in general it may be said that when they are brought to an end, every intricacy is seen to have contributed to the total effect. And the total effect seems to me, frankly, to be that of great literature—which is, to make us feel an expansion of experience.

I do not mean by that the mere adding to our mental collection of a new group of stories. We do that every time we open a newspaper. I refer to our sense of entering a new world, where flora and fauna, climate, and all else constitute a genuine discovery, till we learn to breathe in a new element.

As for the life of the author, we are told that she comes of an old Danish country family, that her father and grandfather fought in Danish and French wars, that she has studied painting in Paris and is at home in Rome—but that she has spent the best years of her life in the African Highlands where she was farmer and big-game hunter and friend of the native tribes.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT, CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } *Contributing Editors*

Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary.

Subscription rates per year, postpaid in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union, $3.50; in Canada, $5; in Great Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere $4.50. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 1, 1879. Vol. 10. No. 39.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW *is indexed in the* "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1934, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Waiting for a Critic

The Spring issue of the *Hound & Horn* is published "in homage to Henry James," and is devoted chiefly to new estimates of him by young American critics. The symposium in honor of the great, fairly common in European literary journalism, is rare in America. The present instance can hardly be called a triumph of magazine-making; as in most symposiums, the reader takes the bad with the good, and is frequently distracted by internal contradictions, amusingly antipodal interpretations of the same material. What is worse, the real essence and *pièce de resistance* of the issue, James's previously unpublished scenario of "The Ambassadors," is cut to a third of its length, and what might have been some valuable annotations by Miss Edna Kenton are eliminated entirely, while space is given to at least three essays by young Americans who seem really too young to be in print. Much of the magazine, however, is admirable, and still more is interesting.

It is quickly evident that a large proportion of the homage conveyed to Henry James is very left-handed homage. With the exception of a few specifically occasional pieces, and of Miss Kenton's scholarly contributions, the articles fall into two groups: one of appreciations, one of epitaphs. The epitaph-writers see Henry James as a symbol of the typical frustrated American of his time, who repeatedly stated, but never had the courage to solve, the American's problem of finding a tradition. In their view, his early novels were full of promise in their social observations, but as he became gradually seduced by snobbery, his ability evaporated into the verbiage of his later period. The attack, as usual, is carried on heartily enough to raise the suspicion that the corpse is still alive. The contributors in the other group point out, with good evidence, the danger of identifying James with his characters, of overlooking the subtlety of his irony; to them the later James is the greater James, and they provide considerable enlightenment as to just what the later James was up to.

But all the enlightenment applies to specific points. There is no general estimate to be derived from the combined efforts of the critics. There is no resolution of James's paradoxical position: the position of an author whom "no one reads," but who still has violent partisans and violent opponents, and who represents different symbols to both camps; truly a Woodrow Wilson among novelists. Is this another aspect of the "failure" of Henry James, or is it a failure of criticism? The attempts to "place" James have not been confined to the *Hound & Horn*. The Marxian despises him, or commiserates with him, for being shackled to a decadent class. The Freudian hints at "accidents," at personal inadequacies. The general reader thinks that James requires too much collaborative effort. Is it possible for the sympathetic critic of Henry James to explain his work in such a way as not only to dispose of tenacious irrelevance, but also to interest the indifferent?

It is artificial to draw analogies between arts, but it may be instructive to compare the criticisms of different arts. For instance, the difference between musical criticism and program notes is familiar to all musical people; the danger of a "literary" interpretation in the plastic arts is recognized by all painters. There is no such clear-cut distinction possible in literary criticism; but if any author ever required an approach less to his subject matter than to his form and design, that author is Henry James. As Miss Kenton says, he is "the most unrepresented and misrepresented figure in letters." Much of this is the result of irrelevant criticism. To criticise Henry James for not taking an ethical attitude is not only to overlook the ethical attitude he does take: it is like asking Cézanne to be a cartoonist, or attacking Toscanini for refusing to play the fascist hymn. To criticize his subject matter without attention to the design he makes of it is like basing a judgment of Beethoven's "Grosse Fuge" on the first four notes. "One's work should have composition," wrote James, "because composition alone is positive beauty." To a music critic or an art critic, this would seem self-evident. However it may apply to literature in general, James's ghost will not be laid until there is a critic who can apply it, *in its fullest sense*, to him.

"AT LAST I'M MAKING MONEY. THE GOVERNMENT PAYS ME FOR DESTROYING EVERY THIRD NOVEL I WRITE."

Letters to the Editor: *Sinclair Lewis as a Young Man; Symposium on Double-Crostics*

The Earliest Lewis

SIR:—I have recently read William Rose Benét's article on "The Earlier Lewis" and thought you might be interested in a still earlier Lewis.

Dr. Lewis was our family physician while we lived in Sauk Centre, and one summer arranged for Harry to work as night clerk in my father's hotel, "The Palmer House." I imagine this must have been his first hotel experience and must have been about the time he finished high school or early in his college career.

Our small hotel circle and their friends found a great deal of amusement in the "fool" things Harry did, as it was generally recognized by this time that he would never amount to very much. They liked to recount how he called a traveling man at five-thirty in the morning, to tell him that he had forgotten to call him for the five o'clock train.

I remember once he fell through the glass top of a cigar case for no reason at all. He was standing near it and, I suppose, strayed so far away mentally, that he neglected to maintain his center of gravity in a practical position.

My younger brother discovered him as a story teller. He used to sit up on the desk behind the glass partition, where the bookkeeping was done, and listen to the stories Harry would tell. Sometimes I joined them. He would ask us what we would have, and no matter what subject we chose, he would start immediately and go on and on. My brother, by right of prior discovery, insisted on doing most of the selecting; so the stories were usually a little bloodthirsty for my taste. The only fragment of these tales that remains in my memory at all, is one about a man tied in a cave and driven mad by the constant slow drip of water on the back of his hand.

I can remember once Harry spent a long time urging me to study and be valedictorian of my high school class. He was distressed because I was not taking a proper interest in my work. I was quite stimulated about the idea for three or four days, so he must have been rather convincing.

He was willing to put himself out, more than most adults, to amuse us; and we liked him very much in spite of the mild contempt with which he was viewed by our elders.

HAZEL PALMER LYNAM.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

In Defense of "The Oppermanns"

SIR:—Did Ernest Boyd read Feuchtwanger's novel, "The Oppermanns," which was reviewed by Mr. Boyd in the *Saturday Review* for March 24, 1934? I know he read the author's note, for he quotes it almost verbatim in the body of his review, but it would appear that he stopped at that point and confined his reading to the remarks on the dust jacket. It is true that this novel does not "soar very high," and possibly Mr. Boyd did read the final part of the book, for it is there the author gets mired. But how could an experienced reviewer fail to have noticed the interesting characters, Berthold and Heinrich? How could Mr. Boyd have overlooked Markus Wolfsohn, and have seen that in the development of this personality pertinent, rather than general, criticism could have been made of the author's effort?

I do not think that your reviews ought to simply summarize a novel for the readers. The newspaper reviews do that in an able fashion. Let us have more criticism.

HAROLD J. JONAS.

New York City.

Wisecracks

SIR:—The term wisecrack is so constantly encountered in both criticism and conversation, and yet I am not at all sure that I always recognize one when I meet it.

Just what constitutes a wisecrack?

Can you define a wisecrack?

Is once a wisecrack always a wisecrack or does it depend somewhat upon the connection in which it is used?

How great a literary sin is wisecracking?

Is it more venal than punning?

Can a wisecrack possess a poetic or imaginative quality and still be one?

Could you treat of this matter some time in your columns? It is beyond me.

ARTHUR W. BELL.

Boston, Mass.

New Mania

SIR:—Just a few lines to let you know there is a new mania in our family. After diagnosis we have discovered that it's "Crostics"—severe but not necessarily fatal.

The germ of "Cross-Word Puzzles" is lying dormant in our system, but "Crostics" is here to stay, so we'll sharpen our pencils and prepare to do lengthy battle.

To make a long story a little shorter, the new idea in puzzles is simply grand, and we'll burn the midnight oil for a long while to come working them out.

The second puzzle was somewhat easier, but they're just hard enough to be interesting.

NORA E. SIEGFRIEDT.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Just Right

SIR:—The puzzle Number 1 is *just right*. It is hard enough to offer a mental challenge and yet simple enough to give me a glow of satisfaction at its completion rather than a feeling of "how stupid I must be."

In other words, I am quite puffed up—my ego is very often flattened by some of your ultra-literary stories.

My husband, who is an English teacher, was able to contribute only *seven* of the twenty-five words.

Yours for more of the same kind of puzzles.

EMMA GARRETT.

New York City.

Ingenious

SIR:—You ask the reaction of your puzzle fans to Double-Crostic: Number 1. It is certainly a complicated, ingenious, and highly interesting concoction. I admire the skill of the constructor, and, since it proved not too difficult for me to solve, it is O. K. with me.

GERTRUDE W. ORVIS.

Ocean Grove, N. J.

About an Hour

SIR:—I enjoyed your puzzle. Consumed almost an hour, without familiarity with text.

By all means proper method is to write words first. I guessed author when I had words 1, 2, 9, 11, and 14. That gave me the initial letter of 18 words. Then from easy definitions to diagram, back to definitions, etc.

For one who cannot quote either poetry or prose, they are about right.

JAMES F. HENNINGER.

Allentown, Pa.

Too Easy

SIR:—Being an elderly charter subscriber to the *S. R. L.*, an avid puzzler, yet almost the world's poorest speller, I don't want to "wait until after I have solved several puzzles" to complain that "a perfume of roses" (5 letters) is a foregone conclusion. If you had said: "1. Is very sweet," the answer might have been "honey," so I should not have been certain that the word was "attar."

"A mighty hunter" (6 letters) requires no thought—even "noted sportsman" might have kept me guessing for half a minute.

Please don't make the definitions so abstruse that I—The Average Puzzler—cannot hope to grasp them, but this A. P. just wrote in the twenty-five initials, after writing in a half-dozen words, though I

(*Continued on page* 636)

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

SEVEN GOTHIC TALES. By ISAK DINESEN. *Smith & Haas.* Baroque tales of remarkable fantastic quality.

THE QUEEN AND MR. GLADSTONE. By PHILIP GUEDALLA. *Doubleday, Doran.* An illuminating exchange of correspondence between Victoria and her Minister.

WHAT MARX REALLY MEANT. By G. D. H. COLE. *Knopf.* An interpretation in terms of the present.

This Less Recent Book:

GROVER CLEVELAND. By ALLAN NEVINS. *Dodd, Mead.* A Pulitzer Prize biography.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Louis Bromfield of Mansfield

BY FRIEDA INESCORT

WHEN Louis Bromfield first loomed on my horizon, just ten years ago, he was on his way from a small town in Ohio to go leopard shooting with the Maharanee of Cooch-Behar and pig-sticking with the Gaekwar of Baroda. To be accurate, the limitations of small town Middle Western life were a decade or so behind him, and the wide open spaces of Indian hospitality were still some years ahead. But he was on his way. That was obvious to the most casual observer. And he was moving fast.

John D. Rockefeller, dreaming his dreams in Cleveland, once exclaimed: "I'm bound to be rich! Bound to be rich!" No one, so far as I know, ever heard Louis say, "I'm bound to be successful," but anyone with half an eye could have said it for him in those middle nineteen-twenties, and many did. The starlight of destiny was in his slate-blue glance, and the thrust of his loose-knit body was unmistakably forward. He was sure of his directions; sure as few of us ever are on this muddled sphere. He knew what he was travelling away from and what he was travelling towards. Behind him was a boyhood cramped by lack of means, spent in commonplace surroundings and in the

IN THE GARDEN AT SENLIS

company of undistinguished folk; ahead of him was the great world, where brilliant people moved brilliantly in the bright and warming light of public notice. Behind him was Cornell Agricultural College, where callow, red-wristed youths measured the worth of rival fertilizers and pondered the rotation of crops; ahead of him (in favorite phrases of his own) was the *haut monde, en grande tenue* on every suitable occasion, where successful authors swapped scandal with decorated diplomats, or peeled skin from the sunburned backs of lithe peeresses beside the smiling waters of the Lido or Antibes. Behind him were Mansfield, Ohio, dull nights of writing for the *Musical Courier* in New York, and dull afternoons of private tutoring in a shiny blue serge suit; ahead of him (to paraphrase a publicity note of recent years) were winters in Switzerland, springs in London, summers at St. Jean-de-Luz, and autumns in Paris. Ahead of him was Hollywood, and all its wonders. Ahead of him was a house on Long Island, another house in Senlis, an apartment on the Boulevard Flandrin, and the means to travel on a grand scale, complete with wife and daughters, nurse and secretary. His friends and acquaintances were to be among the best known men and women of his generation. The obscure backwaters of the world were not for him. He had written "The Green Bay Tree," and was correcting its page proofs for publication by Stokes. He had taken the measure of his own gifts, and no one had ever estimated more accurately the material rewards that literary talent can command.

In the year 1924, then, Louis was a young man on his way; but he was not, obviously at least, a young-man-in-a-hurry. He was going places and doing things, but his lounging gait and a certain semi-insolent, sprawling ease in all circumstances suggested that he had no sense of being pressed for time. He had time for everything: time to do his job as advertising manager of G. P. Putnam's Sons, time for endless talk, long luncheons, nightly parties, theatres, books, people of all sorts, and—heaven knew when—time for writing novels. The writing was the mystery.

How and when Louis has managed to produce his books has always remained a mystery. During the Putnam period, when I worked as his assistant in the daytime while acting on Broadway at night, I should have been able to learn the answer; but I never did. My close up view of genius in action was entertaining but not instructive. For Louis to turn out a four-page advertising leaflet was a major act of creation, involving great plans, much talk, vivacious argument, and noisy consultation. With his hands full of important looking papers, he would stroll from desk to desk, discoursing with boundless energy and enthusiasm on the leaflet he was preparing. Gradually every department, from editorial to accounting, from manufacturing to sales, would become more or less emotionally involved in Louis's creative effort. The page girl in the outer office would know that Mr. Bromfield was writing a pamphlet; the file clerks, back by the fire-escapes, would know that Mr. Bromfield was extraordinarily busy. Major George Haven Putnam and Mr. Irving Putnam would sit at their desks serene in the knowledge that young Bromfield—industrious fellow that he was—was turning out a vast amount of work. But the days would pass and no pamphlet would appear. More days would pass, and still no pamphlet. Meanwhile, Louis strolled and talked, and talked and strolled, his energy undiminished, his enthusiasm unflagging. His gestures would grow more expansive, the pile of papers on his desk would mount higher and higher, the period of literary gestation would prolong itself indefinitely. But no pamphlet would be delivered. The laboring mountain would produce no shadow of a mouse. And finally, when we simply had to have the pamphlet for immediate mailing, I would firmly suggest to Louis that he had better let me finish the job; whereupon he would agree that that was an excellent idea, and wash his hands of the entire matter, with the air of an executive who knew how to get things done with efficiency and dispatch. After all, what are assistants for? And one could always start working on a new leaflet tomorrow.

Such was Louis locked in a creative struggle with one small bit of advertising matter. But—and this is the miracle—his colleagues, friends, and acquaintances have never had a glimpse, or heard a whisper, of any struggle with his novels. They have come quietly and, so far as the world knows, effortlessly into being. During the last months that Louis was at Putnam's, flaunting notes for unwritten pamphlets, he must have been finishing "Possession," a novel that runs close to five hundred pages. Yet one never heard a word of it while it was in the making; and unless Louis labored through the early morning hours, after his friends had left the hospitality of the old brownstone house on the upper East Side, where Louis and his wife Mary were then established, it must have been written while its author slept. Some of his books bear date lines that indicate time and place of composition. We are informed that "Possession" was begun at Ipswich, Massachusetts, on August 6, 1923, and finished at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island, on May 15, 1925; that "Early Autumn" was begun at Cold Spring, on June 4, 1925, and finished at St. Jean-de-Luz, on July 21, 1926; that "The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg" was begun in Florence, October, 1925, and finished at Socoa, July, 1928; that "Twenty-four Hours" was begun in New York City, January 1925, and finished at Socoa, August, 1929. The foreword to "A Good Woman" is dated Paris, June 15, 1927; and the dedication of "The Farm" is dated Gstaad, Switzerland, December 23, 1932.

But all these dates explain nothing to one who has summered with Louis at St. Jean (or Socoa), as well as wintering with him in a New York publishing office. Louis in the Pays Basque, in his summer house at Socoa, overlooking the harbor of St. Jean and the rolling waters of the Bay of Biscay; Louis clad in striped shirt, flapping trousers, beret, and espadrilles, did his novel writing just as secretly and silently, just as unhurriedly and unworriedly, as had Louis in Manhattan. "When does he work?" I would ask my husband. "When *does* he work?" he would ask me. Louis would be on the beach in the morning; Louis would lunch long and heartily; Louis would swim or paint or drive with Mary to Biarritz in the afternoon; Louis would dine long and heartily; and Louis would dance or gamble at the Casino until midnight. He was always ready to play golf, he was always ready to drive across the border to Pamplona or St. Sebastian for bull-fights. He would spend hours taking motion-pictures, and hours writing letters to numberless correspondents, and more hours in rambling conversation. But when did he ever get down to the business of writing the novels, short stories, and articles that he indubitably did write? When, indeed?

Theoretically he did his work in an old fort which Vauban built for Louis XIV, at Socoa, across the harbor from St. Jean. It is one of the most satisfactory forts in the world because it is just exactly what all of us, as children, learned to think a fort should be: one huge round tower, pierced for musket fire, with low buildings and a thick wall surrounding it. At present this noble structure is inhabited by four families of charming Basques, whose chickens scratch in the inner court, and whose vegetables flourish in the old gun emplacements. The Basques use only a few of the available rooms for living purposes, storing utensils and supplies of all kinds in the other chambers. Louis persuaded them to clear out one of these store-rooms, so that he might install himself in it with table, chair, and typewriter. My husband and I were graciously allowed to use another room as a bath house. (When any one asks me whether or not I like the

CAUGHT IN THE ACT
Louis Bromfield as his friends never see him.

LOUIS BROMFIELD

Basques, I remember the fresh flowers that stood on our bath house table every morning, and the gentle protests of a certain Madame Vergez, at the end of the summer, that "one does not take money from one's friends.") It was in Vauban's fort, then, that Louis had his study. But we never caught him using it during the daytime, and it was innocent of any form of artificial light. But he had, beyond argument, a study. And that was that.

Quite unintentionally this article seems to have taken a turn that would justify it being titled: The Mystery of Louis Bromfield. But actually I am afraid there is nothing more mysterious about Louis's career than the fact that he possesses an inexhaustible fund of native energy which enables him to live hard and play hard, and get his writing done in odd moments without fuss or fanfare or ostentatious insistence on seclusion. Unlike many authors, he does not wear his typewriter ribbon on his sleeve; but the ribbon is none the less well and conscientiously worn. His nine published books attest the fact. Whatever their merits, or their place in American literature, may finally be judged to be, they are the books of a romanticist who fell in love with life at an early age, who determined to enjoy it to the full, and who determined also that literature should never be for him anything more than one phase of living. The fact that it is literature which has enabled him to live as he has does not quite justify the conclusion that writing is for him a means rather than an end. There can be little profit in debating such a question; but the suspicion which might suggest such a debate cannot be put aside as either uncharitable or unreasonable.

One thing is certain. Louis knew where he was going, and he has arrived. It is also certain that success agrees with him. Success makes some men aloof, reserved, and uncharming; Louis Bromfield, successful, is gregarious, expansive, and overflowing with good fellowship. His pleasure in success is not a miser's hoard, to be enjoyed secretly, but a wealth to be shared in congenial company. If any of the world's sweets, that he once reached for with hungry determination, have turned bitter in his mouth, he gives no sign of it. His disillusionments, whatever they may be, belong to himself alone; his dynamic illusions, his unquenchable satisfaction, are common property with his friends.

Last fall, complete with entourage, he arrived in the United States to view the New Deal at close range; he had come, he announced, because Roosevelt's America was the most exciting and stimulating country in the world. He took a house in Princeton, and then characteristically enough proceeded to spend most of his time in New York, burning the candle at both ends, and acquiring an intimate knowledge of the social phenomena of post-prohibition Manhattan. When I last saw him, a week or so ago, he astonished me by confessing to a faint weariness of the flesh. Ever so faint, of course, but there it was. The pace of life here was a shade too rapid for comfort. He couldn't manage to get any work done, and he had work to do. He was sailing back to France, to Senlis, to write. And the next day he sailed. Which reminds me; I must remember to drop Mary a line and ask her just when Louis does do his writing,—if she knows.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Kibitzer Gets a Hand

THE NEW DEALERS. By "Unofficial Observer." New York: Simon & Schuster. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by FELIX MORLEY

DURING its pre-publication serialization by the *Washington Post* the anonymous author of "The New Dealers" was viciously attacked by General Hugh Johnson as having "more than a trace of rodent blood." Never has the gallant general gone off the deep end with a more resounding plop. For this provocative "low down on the higher-ups" in Washington is the most sympathetic all-round interpretation of Administration policies which the last thirteen months have brought forth. Avoiding pompousness, platitudes, and prudery, it goes far to reveal what is really going on in Washington, with incidental explanation of why the worthy Dr. Wirt in Gary is so peeved about it all.

The book, of course, is not the work of a single observer of the glad, mad scene which unfolds day by day along the banks of the Potomac. Collaboration accounts both for its unevenness and its superficiality. Some of the vignettes of the fifty-odd personalities included are sketched with delightful brilliance and facility. Others are labored wisecracking. Some of the sketches, again, indicate a real understanding of underlying economic problems and political philosophy. Others are just emotional blurbs, strong in epithet and totally deficient not merely in objectivity but even more in comprehension of the way the present Administration works to its unappointed ends.

In support of the latter assertion, I would select the glib summation given to the pen-portrait of the energetic and likable Federal Emergency Relief Administrator. In the words of the authors under survey: "If the New Deal achieves the conquest of poverty through the conquest of unemployment, Harry Hopkins will be one of the men who did the most to make possible the final victory."

Of all the nonsense in this sprightly volume, that particular judgment strikes your reviewer as about the most absurd. Mr. Hopkins, with the best will in the world, has done far more to create unemployment than to conquer it. Sponsor of the most riotous system of doles since the French national Workshops of 1848, he has removed from the Treasury, via the C.W.A., a billion or more of public funds which sometime, somehow, will have to be paid back in crippling taxes. In the permanent cure of unemployment his achievement is one large goose-egg. It was a fine splurge while it lasted but it has conquered unemployment in just the same way as Professor Beebe has conquered the stratosphere. Incidentally, two New Dealers who are really doing something to control this industrial disease—W. Frank Persons, Director of the United States Employment Service, and David J. Lewis, veteran Congressman from the Sixth Maryland District—are not even mentioned in the book.

However, the temptation to pick flaws should not be over-indulged. Isador Lubin, Commissioner of Labor Statistics, is no relation to David Lubin, chronicled by the Unofficial Observer as his father. There are a few other factual slips, trivial by comparison with the compact mass of valuable background information. As in Wells's "Outline of History," the total value of "The New Dealers" is much greater than the sum of its errors, omission and commission. What the book seeks to give, and gives successfully, is a vivid impression not merely of Administration personalities but even more of the jolting, conflicting, often revolutionary policies which those personalities are evolving. The enemies to those policies, we are told on almost every page, are concentrated in Wall Street or its affiliates. One would be disposed to criticize the authors for kicking a man when down if they were not so obviously fearful of a malevolent Tory revival.

It is hard to say whether this book will do more to help or hinder such a revival. Many liberals will be offended by its naive theory that any form of international coöperation by this country is a sell-out to those Machiavellian European diplomats. In this connection we are told that Raymond Moley is a truly great man and by no means through as a brains trustee. Other liberals will be disturbed at the implicit revelation that no clear course is charted and no reasoned policy adopted in Washington as yet. And many of the less antediluvian tories won't mind epithets to which they are getting accustomed. They may even, with the diabolical shrewdness of their kind, benefit from seeing themselves as others see them.

But, after all, "The New Dealers" is not written to please the liberals any more than the conservatives; and it certainly will not go down on the required reading lists—if any—of the A. F. of L. It was written in a fine glow of half-baked convictions, often contradictory but more often pungent, primarily for the emotional enjoyment of its authors. At its lowest it provides an invaluable key and guide to the workings of the Roosevelt dynamo. At its best it approaches, without ever quite attaining, that philosophical justification which the New Deal badly needs as it swings into its second, and most critical, year of operation.

* *

Felix Morley is editor of the Washington Post, *in which paper "The New Dealers" was serialized previous to its publication in book form.*

Still Inscrutable

WOODROW WILSON, The Caricature, The Myth and The Man. By Edith Gittings Reid. New York: Oxford University Press. 1934. $3.

Reviewed by WALTER MILLIS

IF biography is not the most difficult of the literary arts, one is almost ready to believe, after so many disappointments, that the special branch of it devoted to Woodrow Wilson must be. We have waited through a decade now for the imaginative hand which will recreate the human reality of that singular figure in understandable terms, which will explain the greatness of its power, the colossal quality of its defeat. And we still wait in vain. Mrs. Reid was a close friend of Wilson's from the day he came to Baltimore in 1883 up almost until the end. She was one of that small group of women confidantes to whom he poured forth the voluminous correspondence that now constitutes one principal source for Ray Stannard Baker's leisurely excavations. She appears in her book as a woman of sense and some discernment; unfortunately, however, she is not a biographer.

WOODROW WILSON
From Sir William Orpen's portrait.

She has not attempted to write an "historical narrative," she explains, but only to make known "the man I knew well, before he is dissolved into a legend." Some of the accumulating mists of hatred and of hero-worship are, indeed, cleared away; Mrs. Reid publishes a number of new and often suggestive extracts from Wilson's personal letters, especially of the earlier period, and adds her own recollections of conversations with him. Yet in the end there emerges only that familiar pasteboard statesman — unsympathetic, shallow, somehow egotistical and inhuman—which has become very nearly a stock character of the biographies. It is conceivable that this was the real Wilson, but hardly likely. There must have been more to it than that. That rather wooden, that vaguely repellent, lay figure may satisfy many passages in the record, particularly in the final tragedy; but it does not explain, for example, the great days of 1912, or those flashes of profound insight and stubborn courage which were so queerly mingled with less admirable qualities.

Mrs. Reid shrewdly suggests that what has baffled Wilson's interpreters is not any complexity in his character, but its simplicity. It is possible that she is right; but if that is really the key to the mystery, she has lacked the skill to turn it in the lock, while in the face of some of those letters one cannot help wondering. When he was a professor at Princeton, Wilson was projecting a new school text book. To Mrs. Reid he wrote:

> And yet it would be folly to add to the almost numberless manuals of this kind another manual. It must be a work of art or nothing—and I must study the art. I must cultivate a new style for the new venture: a quick and perfectly pellucid narrative, as clear as the air and colored with nothing but the sun, stopped in its current here and there, and yet almost imperceptibly, for the setting in of small pictures of men and manners, colored variously, as life is. I have never yet done anything of the kind and I do not know that I can do it. Neither the style of the Essays nor the style of the Washington will do—and I have no other, except that of "Division and Reunion," which is equally unsuitable.

Perhaps Wilson was really a simple character. "It is curious," as Mrs. Reid elsewhere quietly remarks, "how little he did know about anyone who was at all subtle." But to explain a man who could think in that fashion to an age for whom the very idiom is dead (partly, it must be remembered, due to Mr. Wilson himself) is no easy task; and aside from the occasionally revealing sidelight here and there this book adds little to the established picture.

One half the volume is devoted to the period before Wilson became Governor of New Jersey; less than one-fourth is given to the whole final stage from the outbreak of the European War. It is just as well, for Mrs. Reid is not happy with affairs of state. The supremely critical moment in the whole story receives four terse sentences:

> Germany put her plans into operation. American ships were sunk and American lives were lost. The immense patience of the President was exhausted and his heroic efforts to keep us out of war were futile. On April 2 the President appeared before a joint session of Congress. . . .

It is compact, but it is not illuminating as an analysis of the man who by that act exerted so profound an effect upon the history of the world.

* *

Walter Millis, an editor of the New York Herald Tribune, *is the author of "The Martial Spirit," a history of the Spanish War period.*

Bird in Space

(BRANCUSI)

By KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

THIS shall be forever flying, never alighting,
Forever rising, never curving or lying
Out on the wind.
Into space rising, and crying.

O words
Be as this smooth, hard, polished marble, extending
Into the space of the mind; not ending
Here with the voice.
As the edge of stone, bending
The arc of light in an unplotted curve,
Where no wings swerve,
Beyond the space of birds
Rise, O words.

In the Second Era of Demoralization

TENDER IS THE NIGHT. By F. Scott Fitzgerald. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

IT is clear enough now that Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise" (1920) was a pioneer book. Sketchy, a little incoherent, youthful, it was nevertheless the introduction in fiction to that "younger generation," demoralized by war or the repercussions of war, which was later called the "lost" generation, and is now said to be "recovered," although upon evidence not entirely convincing. What he has to say about life in the second era of demoralization is naturally interesting.

It is interesting and in the opening chapters of the novel brilliant. In theme, in setting, in characterization, and in the difficult art of narrative writing, there is the promise of a book of first importance. The hero of this novel, Dr. Driver, has "recovered," and has furthermore achieved that simplicity of perfectly sophisticated culture which makes his natural charm irresistible. Of the two heroines, one, a "baby star" of the movies, is also happily compounded of charm (innocent this time) and hardness. She has been brought up to be economically a boy. The other, Dr. Driver's wife, is, like him, a product of conditioning by civilized pleasure-seeking, but she has been once literally "lost"; an incestuous attack upon her in girlhood has split her personality, and it is her husband who has brought her back. Both women are "men's women," and the description of their type is admirable of its kind. What could be done with this subtly varied triangle is obvious. For if the lovely Nicole should come to feel that her dependence upon her husband for mental health was in its own way a slavery, so that once healed, rebellion was inevitable; or if the fresh and innocent Rosemary should step from the screen into this intensely difficult relationship and shatter both its charm and its permanence; why then a plot of unusual quality would be sure to unfold itself. And it does, and its background of the Riviera, the clinic in Zurich, and night-and-bar life is vivid, and their flotsam of cosmopolitans is described with so much more originality, with such a firmer dry point, than the Paris-Mediterranean novels of the baser sort, that one gladly admits the skill of this first witness to the new generation. But not the art—or at least not the sustained art. Alas, this promising novel is promising only in its first brilliant chapters. Part way through the author loses his grip upon the theme. The central figures change, the focus of the plot shifts, the story rambles, the style drops to the commonplace and even the awkward and ungrammatical. What begins as a study of a subtle relationship ends as the accelerating decline into nothingness of Dr. Driver—not for no reason, but for too many reasons, no one of which is dominant. This book may be life with its veil over causality, but it is not art which should pierce that veil.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

And here is a writer capable of paragraphs that one reads twice for their in-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cisiveness, their wit, or their wisdom, letting his story shamble through episodes, shifting his stance as if he wearied of a theme that required concentration, tossing clever but irrelevant digressions into a plot already growing confused because its focus is constantly changing, and making a novel which is too good and, in spite of all these strictures, too interesting, to escape the criticism which consistent mediocrity might escape. Any second-rate English society novelist could have written this story better than Scott Fitzgerald, though not one of them could have touched its best chapters. Is it laziness, indifference, a lack of standards, or imperfect education that results in this constant botching of the first-rate by American novelists?

Brilliant in Spots

FINNLEY WREN. A Novel in a New Manner. By Philip Wylie. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by William Rose Benét

DESPITE his publishers' annoying jacket blurb, which positively yells at you what they wish you to think about the book, and immediately stiffens your backbone against it, I found myself launched upon young Philip Wylie's latest opus with the feeling that "here might be something." But how could they confuse him with Sterne and Rabelais? Why *do* publishers talk like that? Have they no decent respect for the great dead? As for "A Sentimental Journey," I'm willing to wager they never cracked the book. I know I am annoyed. I wish publishers would have just a modicum of respect for my intelligence. If the man in the street knew how arrantly he was being patronized he might stage a revolution. Rabelais, forsooth! God save the mark!

But after all, I was talking about young Mr. Wylie. He can write. There is no doubt about that. After he gets through his sophomore year in letters, he may quite possibly do a novel "as is" a novel. All the nonsense-pornography of this volume and all the Thorne Smithing—the kind of thing provincial New Yorkers think is sophistication, the kind of thing the ex-speakeasy boobs fall for in wide swaths—all that kind of thing is shown to be the trash it is beside the simple account of Finnley's first affair at the beginning of the book, and the positively remarkable account of the forest fire at Rangadam (pp. 187-206). Those episodes are really worth reading.

Rabelais, my Aunt Ermintrude's anti-macassar! Rabelais would roar himself hoarse at the information that all this fiddle-faddle about copulation and all this wish-fulfilment writing had anything to do with his abbey or his ilk. Finnley Wren is disillusioned, cynical—all the sawdust has come out of all his rag dolls. In his big moment, consequently, "he yelled at the top of his mighty voice and threw himself at my feet and began to kick and bite the earth and to beat it with his fists." This is just after he has told with horrible unction of his wife's having been burned to death. Oh, that's Rabelais for you. Gosh, how like that is to Laurence Sterne!

Physical love is a perfectly clean thing. Does the point still need laboring? Apparently. Promiscuity won't work. The proof is all about one in a big city like New York. But these matters crowd into the foreground of a book that might have got somewhere, and it is all in some weird way blamed on the Gargantuan creator of Pantagruel.

Undoubtedly I have been somewhat unfair to Mr. Wylie, which is because I recognize how well he can write when he wants to. As to what he regards as his clever writing, his "notions" and "literary misdemeanors," his monkeyshines and quiddities, they are all very well for awhile. But that's all. Just because you have one gigantic word (like "so" in quotes) printed alone on a page, you are not Laurence Sterne. Really, you're not.

As for Mr. Wylie's criticism of modern civilization, most of it is entirely valid. He is doing his own thinking. I hope he writes a perfectly swell, completely integrated book for his next one. This isn't it. But I believe he can do it.

The Bowling Green

Words to the Wise

ASK me no questions,
I shall tell you no lies;
But have you seen thunderbirds
Drop from the skies,
And silly white puppies
With tears in their eyes,
And six salamanders
Who swallowed their sighs?

No, you never see these
Because you never look
For simple phenomena
Outside your book,
But sometime I wager
Your goose I must cook;
For I supply wishes
And words to the wise . . .

So ask me no questions
I shall tell you no lies!

D. M. Beaver.

Among the books of this spring the Bowling Green has two prime favorites: Dorothy Sayers's mystery story, *The Nine Tailors*, of which we have spoken before; and Hesketh Pearson's *The Smith of Smiths*. That was Macaulay's name for Sydney Smith, the humorous and controversial parson who helped found the *Edinburgh Review*, fought hard for every kind of liberalism, and set England on a roar for forty years. His public lectures on Moral Philosophy, which were a sensation in London, he called "the most successful swindle of the season." His once much quoted remark, "Who ever reads an American book?" has now been forgotten, but his phrase about a square peg in a round hole has entered into universal speech. It would be easy to write wittily about this book by quoting from it. I wish it might be read by every parson who is short of ideas for a sermon, and by everyone who is depressed by being called Smith.

Clark Russell

Sir:—On the bookshelf that holds the Sherlock Holmes stories, should be a copy of at least one of "Clark Russell's fine sea stories." I think the Baker Street Irregulars will do well to go to their booksellers, as I did, and find one of his stories (I have his first, "John Holdsworth, Chief Mate,") and as they read it, picture Watson reading it on that stormy September night that brought to their door John Openshaw and the adventure of the Five Orange Pips.

Harry Kriewitz, B.S.I.

Chicago.

I've been interested for some time in the enterprising work done by Sam Kravitt, a young photographer in New Haven. One of Sam's present hobbies is photographing Hands: he is preparing a series of manual portraits illustrating hands characteristic of various arts and occupations. The Bowling Green is always alert for veracious human documents, and requested Mr. Kravitt to write an account of himself.

He reported as follows:—

"I was born in New Haven, Conn., Oct. 24, 1913, left high school to study aviation. Soloed after 6½ hours instruction. I put in about 3 hours of solo time before it was found out that I was only 16 years old so I was thrown out or, shall we say, dismissed because I had registered as being 19 years and was under age.

"Shortly after that I found a job with a pilot who was the proud possessor of an antiquated Jinney or J. N. 4 (an old war-time training plane) with an OX5 motor and an old army aerial camera. We did some commercial aerial photography, he as pilot, I as photographer until the old crate washed out in a landing one day. I got out with a fractured elbow.

"I came home after that, got a job as a clerk but couldn't stand the monotony.

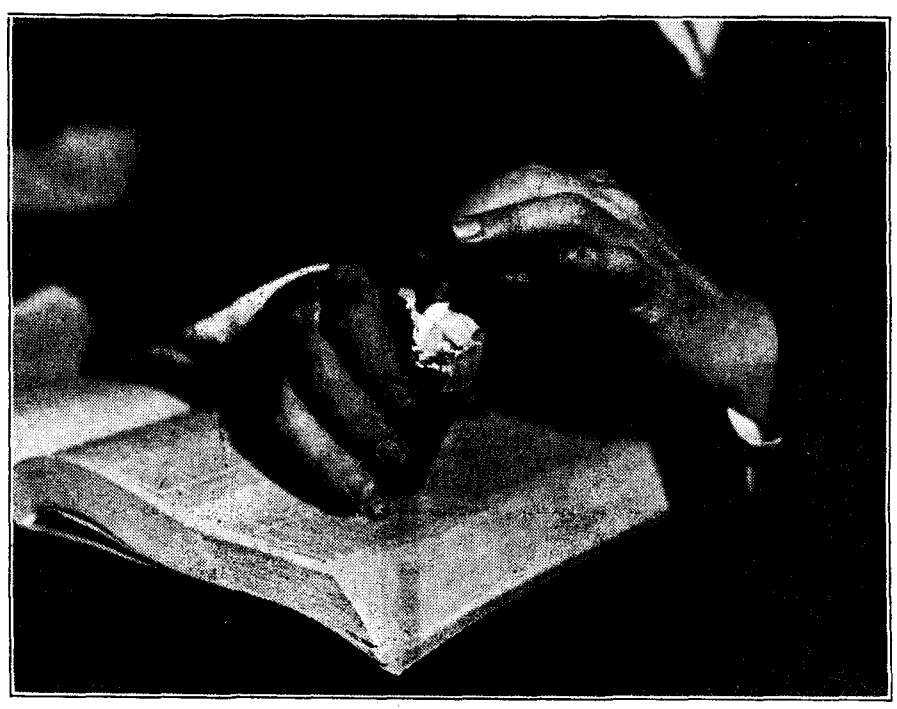
"I left home again, this time headed for the West coast. Spent some time down in Old Mexico, back to the States, got a job with the movies, worked under Von Sternberg in the filming of *Morocco*. I learned a lot about photography there. After that I found a job with a mining company in Arizona. Things went from bad to worse, worked as a cow hand, cook's helper, etc. Finally decided to go home via the side-door pullman, got to N. J. in less than two weeks after some very interesting experiences.

"I settled down this time and took photography seriously. I ground my own lenses, made my own developers, etc. I did underwater photography with a camera of my own construction (I was a Life Guard at this time) and was the first to use infra red ray plates and filters in underwater photography. I also constructed a telescope, ground my own mirror (10-inch) and lenses with which I photographed the canals of Mars. Did some free-lance newspaper work. Sir Hubert Wilkins wrote that I had made one of the best portraits ever taken of him.

"At present I am developing the use of infra red rays for photographic use with ordinary plates or film. The regular infra red ray plates are not very practical for portrait photography as they require long exposures and give a person the appearance of a leper.

"I used to thumb my way to New York to get a chance to photograph people I admired, such as Heywood Broun, Lowell Thomas, Felix Riesenberg, Sir Hubert Wilkins, Jo Davidson, Arthur Brisbane, etc., and come home at all hours of the night with an awful cold and sore throat but a few good plates for my adventure."

Samuel S. Kravitt.



THE LUCKY NUMBER
Photo by Sam Kravitt

Our clients will be interested, I think, in *Designed for Reading*, an extensive and diverse anthology selected from *The Saturday Review of Literature* during its first ten years (1924-34). The choice of material was made by Mr. Canby, Mr. Benét, and Miss Loveman; it includes essays, reviews, verse, fiction, sketches of fancy, even outstanding Letters to the Editor. The selections have been arranged with classification and comment which should make the book interesting to all students of writing or imagining. The book is published by Macmillan.

Jules Verne Over Here

Sir:—Yes, Jules Verne visited America; what's more, he came over on the *Great Eastern*. While Madame Verne and he were touring the British Isles in 1859 he saw the ship at Greenwich, and "tomba en admiration devant ses formes colossales. Quelques années après" (my informant, a French journalist with the felicitous name of George Bastard, writing in the Revue de Bretagne, doesn't say how many years after) "il partit sur ce gigantesque navire pour New York." Perhaps he came over on her maiden voyage. His American experiences he also utilized in his "Testament d'un Excentrique" (1899), which "sous pretexte de nous décrire les paysages, la flore et la faune, la vie politique et sociale des États-Unis" spun a plot with a good deal of chasing around Indiana and other parts of the États-Unis. (M. Bastard compares it to a "jeu d'oie." Presumably not the sort of goose-game Lou Holtz practices with the end of his cane. Or the stage direction in "The Front Page"—"He gooses Diamond Louie.")

My own Verne-al thoughts stray back to his prémier roman, "Five Weeks in a Balloon." The indispensable Bastard says that he hadn't ever spent five minutes in a balloon when he wrote it. That venerable old whited sepulchre, Dean Henry Fassett, of West Enosburg, Vermont, lent it to me when I was a kid.

Earle F. Walbridge.

Booksellers' Leisure

Sir:—You were wondering why the bookseller does not more often share his "musings" with his fellow bookmen who are too busy—usually—to spend much time in cerebration. Dear sir, the answer is obvious: your real bookseller has less time than any of them. I cannot imagine where you obtained the idea that bookselling is a profession providing not only ample opportunity for meditation but the leisure to write down these helpful thoughts as well. When you see those rare articles in which the bookseller is sharing with his trade authoritative information from the front-line trenches, so to speak, you may be sure it has necessitated (1) neglecting his daily work in his own business, (2) loading some poor clerk with double work, or (3) much burning of the midnight oil at both ends of the wick. In most cases, it is the last item which will be found to be true. During the day, the average book store may be a "zone of pause" for the customer, but it is an unworthy clerk who uses it as such for himself. To share his helpful trade ideas, the clerk must actually *make* the time that is thereby necessary, by taking it out of the sma' hours after work. That is why booksellers' information is so rarely received. Only one in a hundred of these booksellers has the energy and determination to deliver his trade hints to the publishers at the sacrifice of his hard-earned evening hours. The other ninety-nine are writing novels or going to bed worn out.

I speak from experience.

Marion West.

Chicago.

It was stupid of me, speaking last week of Captain Barker's fine book of sea-reminiscence, not to mention the title. It is *The Log of a Limejuicer*, published by the Huntington Press, 205 East 42 Street, New York.

Christopher Morley.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crime Club
CORNER (No. 4)

HARRIET

"No. 1 HAIR-RAISER OF THE SEASON . . .
—says the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle.*

"Much as we naturally hesitate to rank any fresh book, and the ink of it hardly dry, with a classic such as Gorki's *Twenty-six Men and a Girl.* It is only fair to say that there are high-quality points between this novel and that short story. The reading of it is a memorable experience."
—Robert Van Gelder, in the N.Y. *Times*

HARRIET

"I find poor HARRIET infinitely pitiful and quite horrible. The book is marvelously well done. It has, to me, a flavour of de Maupassant in the modern manner . . ."
—Faith Baldwin

HARRIET

"A gripping masterpiece that throbs with life—a remarkable literary feat conveyed with a sense of inevitable doom."
—Buffalo *News*

HARRIET

"Without question one of the most harrowing novels of murder ever written."
—Chicago *Journal of Commerce*

HARRIET

"Don't let the rush of encomiums deter you. HARRIET is truth, a novel so compelling that few readers, we venture to say, can lay it down." —Baltimore *Sun*

HARRIET

by ELIZABETH JENKINS

It's a growing chorus of praise for this brilliant and disquieting book, which, every day, new readers keep on discovering and talking about, excitedly. Now in its Third Large Printing and a N.Y. Times' Report National Best-Seller. $2.00

Doubleday, Doran & Co. Inc.
Garden City New York

Raymond Moley

(*Continued from page* 626)

a guide to the present, but a prophecy of the future. If President Roosevelt had spent his life on the soap box battling for causes either lost or yet to be born, he would probably be able at this time to describe, in terms of a rigid program, his course of action for years to come. This is what pedants and zealots ask him to do.

His answer is in this book. With uncanny accuracy, he analyzed the main sources of distress. (Compare, for example, his simple "Forgotten Man" speech of March, 1932, with the elaborate analysis of the national income in a recent publication of the Bureau of Economic Research.) He selected from the immediate past the proposals that seemed most applicable not only to relieve distress, but to lay the foundation for an evolutionary process of social reconstruction. Here, a bit of the guidance of the national planners, there a bit from those who would regulate business, with some of the tonic of the inflationist school of thought—and mixed together they constitute a household remedy. If one judges by the present condition of the patient as compared with that of a year ago, the household remedies are quite adequate, provided, of course, there is plenty of fresh air, sunshine, and common sense.

William Allen White

(*Continued from first page*)

planning for economic and social betterment."

What we have in this book is a collection of Presidential proclamations, addresses, statements, outgivings, hopes, and aspirations for the New Deal. But what the New Deal is, the fundamental social and economic philosophy of it, does not appear in the book. Only this does stand out in the book: the President's faith in his achievement.

Nevertheless, it is an important book. It leaves the reader a little hazy about the New Deal, but with rather a definite impression of the President as a human being in a public office. It is unconscious self-portraiture carried by political proclamation into a high art. Here we find, first of all, the old-fashioned liberal, the spiritual descendant of the first Roosevelt, who obviously believes that government as an agency of human welfare can be used to shatter the "control of the old economic and social structure by a numerically very small but very powerful group of individuals so set in authority that they dominated business and banking and government itself." Except for the absence of rhetorical clatter and the rattle of felicitous invective this sentence might have been written by the Colonel, himself. It would not have been so suave, but his machine-gun flashes would have been aimed at the same target. How easy it is to imagine Theodore, in 1912, vociferating that "things were going wrong with our civilization. We might as well admit it. We know at least the ideals of the founders of the Republic. In later years conditions had changed greatly. Perhaps we had not forgotten the other ideals, but at least we were disregarding most of them." And Teddy, himself, might have closed his book as Franklin does with an address to the boy scouts of America broadcasting a national "call to service" and sounding trumpets with the boy scout oath at the appendix at the end of the book. In all these official and semi-official outgivings we find the spirit of 1912. It relies upon Government as the savior of society.

Another Rooseveltian trait stands out in this book—that peculiar and enlarged, but not inflamed, ego, common to the blood. It may be a class trait, rather than a blood marking. The Roosevelts always have been ruling patricians. And certainly the Colonel and his "distant cousin" now in the White House are sure of themselves. Yet, without arrogance, without the pride of prowess that so many people show who have too much ego in their cosmos, these Roosevelts have a sort of gentle, egoistic elephantiasis that moves with them through their environment. The Colonel went like a cyclone; Franklin like a sweet and amiable glacier; both irresistible. The capital *I's* in this book are as the sands on the sea; and are as unconscious as the nudity of childhood. Incidentally this gargantuan immodesty is reflected otherwise than with the dominant "*I.*" Read this:

> History will probably record the National Industrial Recovery Act as the most important and far reaching legislation ever enacted by the American Congress. It represents a supreme effort to stabilize, for all times, the many factors which make for the prosperity of the Nation and the present preservation of American standards.

Beside this, Theodore, in his gaudiest complaisance, is "a violet by a mossy stone." The President today moves along in the heights of his own felicitous serenity unchecked by disturbing facts that would clutter and trip another man's feet. He writes, "The adoption of the twenty-first amendment should give material aid to the elimination of those new forms of crime which came from the illegal traffic in liquor." And other men are puzzled, perhaps even baffled, to see that kidnapping, bootlegging, racketeering, and rum-running continue unabated with the change from the old to the new amendment, and drunkenness seems to be on the increase. But for the President the problem is solved—where another with a less patrician background might move nearer to the realities of the earth with "many a conflict, many a doubt."

Yet, on the other side, one sees revealed in this book a gracious desire to give credit where credit is due, and sometimes where it is not due. There is no greed or selfishness in his spirit, and he names his associates, even as T. R. named his, in terms of highest praise—something that has been uncommon in the White House for a long time. Evidently his blood and breeding have given him the high obligations of nobility to be fine, free, and fair in dealing with men. His unwavering courtesy of mind and heart, his air of breeding and of happy worldly wisdom show forth in this book; through a long series of proclamations, statements, and executive ukases, he stands out as a Bayard without fear, without reproach! He has the noble manner of the chevalier, the grace of a courtier in a democracy.

But nowhere in the book is there a definite statement of ultimate intention or of direction in our great national adventure. We are simply "On Our Way." Where, no one knows. By process of elimination the reader realizes what the President will not do. He will not abandon democracy. The President holds tenaciously to his faith in the American tradition. In a score of pages he pays something more than lip service to our republican ideals. He believes passionately in the ancient liberties for which our fathers have fought. All through this compilation of his first year utterances we find obeisance that is reverent to freedom of speech, of assemblage, of conscience, and of the press, to the writ of habeas corpus and to the right of trial by jury, and to the processes of parliamentary government and of the orderly progress of government through a democracy in a republic. He is bitter equally against fascism and communism. It is evident that he intends, however, to restrict the liberty of the dollar—the invested dollar. Obviously, in a hundred phrases, he expresses belief that we need a new definition of commercial and industrial honesty, with the penalties for violation that should naturally appertain. This, also, was Colonel Roosevelt's *solution for the evils of plutocracy.*

But exactly what it is all about, where we are headed, when we shall get there, and what we shall be when we arrive, the book does not reveal—deponent sayeth not!

What it does reveal, however, is that we are groping across some narrow isthmus in the new world between the precipices of fascism and communism, feeling our way, not knowing how far it is safe ahead, realizing that we must not turn back. The thing of which we may be sure at this time, after reading the President's book, is that we are under the leadership of a brave man, sure of himself, but not cocksure, generous, kind-hearted, and morally honest. He reveals no genius of intellectual leadership, his eye apparently does not penetrate the future. No seer is he; only "a gentleman unafraid," leading a people out of the wilderness of the past, parting the waters of the present into a new, strange promised land, of which he knows as little as we do. He is only certain that we are "On Our Way."

The Moscow correspondent of *The London Observer* writes as follows: "Russia's schoolchildren will soon be learning their ABC's, or rather their ABV's, to the tune and rhythm of anti-religious slogans, if the latest of many devices for popularizing atheism is widely circulated in schools and kindergartens. This is an 'anti-religious ABC' in which every letter is accompanied by some simple anti-religious suggestion, accompanied by vivid pictorial illustration; the letter B for instance is printed on a sheet showing a red broom sweeping out an ikon and a Bible, with the words, 'Give up, brothers, fearing gods.' V has a still more lurid device. . . . Here the motto is: 'Faith is harmful, more harmful than wine.'"

FROM

Sinclair Lewis

"In the realm of mystery stories there are four books which every one should read. They are 'The Lodger' by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, 'Malice Aforethought' by Francis Iles, 'Bleak House' by Charles Dickens, and 'The Nine Tailors' by Dorothy Sayers. I am not sure but that of all these THE NINE TAILORS is the best."

Dorothy Sayers'

THE NINE TAILORS

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO. $2.00

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Round About Parnassus

I HAVE always held the name of *Florence Converse* in high esteem because, in "Long Will," she once wrote a novel concerning the author of "Piers Plowman" which is one of the best historical novels of our time or of any time. For years she has been associated with the fortunes of *The Atlantic Monthly*. Now she has produced a poem of the Depression, begun several years ago, which contains an astute criticism of the social order, a most interesting commentary on modern science, and mystical speculations concerning a truly Free Society which are anything but divorced from Reality, since so many of our so-called realities have been failing us for a long time.

Here is a thoroughly modern poem, or rather a thoroughly modern examination of industrial modernity in varied verse. It is called "Efficiency Expert" (John Day Company), and its nucleus is the harried self-questioning of one such individual. Of pure poetry there is practically none. When poetry essays to speak sociologically, "the arms it bears are brittle, in the phrase of Mr. A. E. Housman," as Miss Louise Bogan has recently pointed out, for modern poetry, speaking to Miss Bogan, has declared, "I am about to abandon meaning and become a state of pure consciousness." But quite aside from that, poetry in all ages has been unable to speak with its purest utterance when involved with contemporary affairs. It must then resort to contemporary terminologies and colloquialisms that are alien to it. All of which does not alter the fact that, whether you call it poetry or simply a verse treatment, Miss Converse has written, in "Efficiency Expert," a story of the modern mind which could not have been expressed so strikingly in any other way.

This particular efficiency expert, who has just perfected a Plan in a particular industry which will involve scrapping three hundred men in order that the plant may function most efficiently, is confronted at the end of his office day by the spectre of "The Human Factor." He has also had a letter from the Soviets bidding for his services, for help in their five-year plan. He is a genius at cutting costs. He is a highly coördinated young man of twenty-seven. He mingles with the homegoing crowd of workmen. He rubs shoulders with the men he is about to fire. They constitute the human factor that will not let his mind alone.

It's men we're dealing with.
It's men. It's men. Twelve million unemployed.

His walk home takes him past a breadline. Its human presences are an ironic comment on business school statistics. In the market-place of his American manufacturing town he finds "a bedeviled populace" listening to the modern miracle of a voice coming out of the air. Loud Speaker. Broadcasting. A cultured English voice speaking of the Russian experiment. A chain-newspaper office across the square harbors a young man with radical sympathies who has turned on a speech at the Albert Hall in London. The efficiency expert listens with the crowd. Several communists in the crowd are delighted, and then burst into loud laughter because the speaker ends up as a pacifist who does not believe in Force. After this interlude, the efficiency expert ruminates upon what answer he shall make to the U.S.S.R. And then, as he sits upon a park bench, "The Riddle of the Universe Intrudes."

Around the curve of retroactive space,
In that symbolic world that supervenes
The natural, a while he joined the chase
That follows Einstein's ringing view-halloo.
The wind of mighty huntsmen swept his face.

But

No meaning in our supra-learned patter
Of alpha-particles and gamma rays
And quanta and wave-lengths—short and long—that batter
The Cosmos?—If we're but a passing phase
Of nonsense? If there be not even a fool
Behind the fooling?

"Energy's by-product, Man" still foils his speculations. This section is one of the most interesting in the book.

Religion then appears to him as "an ample woman, weary, weighty, sweaty, puffing softly," with a gospel message. When he challenges her for *her* Plan, all she will do is to draw a cross in the gravel path with her shabby shoe. Next he falls into a nightmare concerning Efficiency, in which

"Our Plan," the Mission worker said,
"Includes a practical solution
Of the vexing problem of distribution.
We give each man a cross instead

"Of bread; and when they all are dead
By crucifixion, nothing more
Will have to be distributed.
In Heaven, are neither rich nor poor."

Waking from this he sees old Jones, the workingman, tells him he's had "the world's worst rottenest dream," and that he seems to have missed his dinner. Jones asks him to come home with him for a bite. He does so, and their talk, involving several pipe dreams, furnishes the remainder of the story, ending with the statement of the efficiency man to the workman that "Meanwhile, we've got to see each other through. I'm with you."

This rapid sketch gives very little idea of the poem's richness in implications or of all the facets of the present industrial and sociological situation presented by Miss Converse. The book is one to be read several times and thoughtfully. But it is a book vital for our own epoch, a brilliant work that I should like to see put before every business man. And I hereby specially recommend it to the President of the United States. I am sure it would interest him.

"Footsteps on the Earth"

This department has commented in the past upon *Bonaro Wilkinson Overstreet's* "The Poetic Way of Release," a volume possessing a number of virtues as an introduction to the study of poetry. Now before me is a book of poems by her, "Footsteps on the Earth" (Alfred A. Knopf). Some of these have appeared in various poetry magazines. In general Mrs. Overstreet's technical command is evident, but the content of her poems lacks outstanding originality. She can develop a theme with concision and vision, but her ideas are, in the main, fairly commonplace. The "Ballad of the Star-Eater" has imagination, on the other hand, and is well phrased. "The Pied Piper Speaks," however, adds nothing to Browning's implications and hardly seems worth having done. But there is something engaging in the unpretentiousness of the general run of the poems, and a sincerity accompanied by good workmanship that is certainly not to be despised.

"Windward Rock"

A volume of poems from Macmillan entitled "Windward Rock," by *Kenneth Leslie*, opens with a poem set to the rhythm of a railroad train, "The Shanachie Man," which has elements of unusualness. As one reads on in the book one finds much human warmth in it, a spontaneity in the versification and a pleasing quirk to the thought. There are plenty of human beings in it too, with shrewd comment upon them. There is hearty human emotion and a somehow satisfying earthiness, in spite of certain poems of more spiritual content. The following sonnet is an unexpected opinion on beauty. In general, this is a strong and friendly book, with much to commend it to the average reader.

Beauty is something you can weigh in scales
And wrap up into parcels, it is known
Not well in dreams, in evanescent tales
Of misted rapture, of bugles faintly blown.
'Tis meat as well as music, from the ground
It grows up in a tree, stands in a wall.
The earth belongs to beauty, it is earth-bound,
Seen, heard, smelled, tasted, or not known at all.
I found it first and best in father's store,
Measuring yards of calico, weighing out nails,
Sprawled among nets and cod-lines on the floor,
Venturing cut-brier, rifling candy-pails.
Beauty was mother's porridge in a bowl.
Milk, oatmeal, and molasses built my soul.

WAR... "perhaps may be held off for a year or more"

The New York *Times*, not given to sensational statements, calmly reported on its front page of April 2, the following news from Moscow:

"The last days of March — the period fixed on by many military experts for the outbreak of war between Soviet Russia and Japan—have now passed and on this bright Easter the war clouds appear to be thinning.

"Inquiry in the past few days in diplomatic circles here, where the Far Eastern situation is being intently and expertly watched, has revealed a widespread feeling that the war which has been predicted for this Spring is not likely to come for many months—perhaps may be held off for a year or more.

"Almost no one here, however, dares hope that war can be permanently prevented because provocations for the conflict are *deep and lasting* . . . "

WHAT'S the truth behind this situation of eventual threat? What are the facts of America's possible part in Eastern warefare? These questions, asked and answered by today's ten greatest experts on the Far East, have produced a book not built on newspaper headlines, but the best attempt so far permanently to explain the Eastern problem.

"Nothing better in its field," says Lewis Gannett. "An up-to-the-hour book for all Americans," says Charles A. Beard. "One of the most challenging books published since the War," writes the *Herald Tribune*.

Edited by JOSEPH BARNES. Contributors: Owen Lattimore, John E. Orchard, Carl L. Alsberg, H. Foster Bain, Tyler Dennett, Nathaniel Peffer, F. V. Field, Grover Clark, and Pearl S. Buck.

EMPIRE IN THE EAST

403 exciting pages — $3.25 — at all bookstores

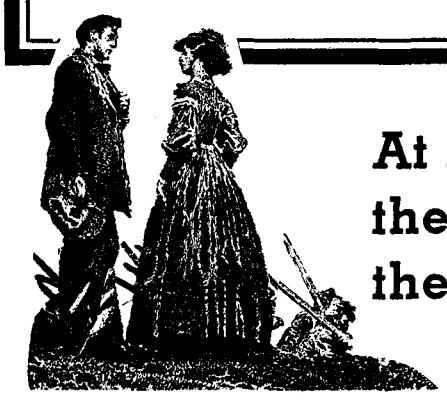
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LITERARY GUILD SELECTION

LONG REMEMBER

By MacKinlay Kantor



At last, critics agree, the great novel of the Civil War has been written

"No book ever written creates, so well as this, the look and smell of battle, the gathering of two armies, the clash, and the sullen separation."—*Allen Tate, Author of "Stonewall Jackson" and "Robert E. Lee."*—From *N. Y. Herald Tribune "Books."*

"A book that we may long remember . . . a story in which human beings mean more than the trappings of history, which is exactly what a real historical novel should be."—*Harry Hansen:—New York World-Telegram.*

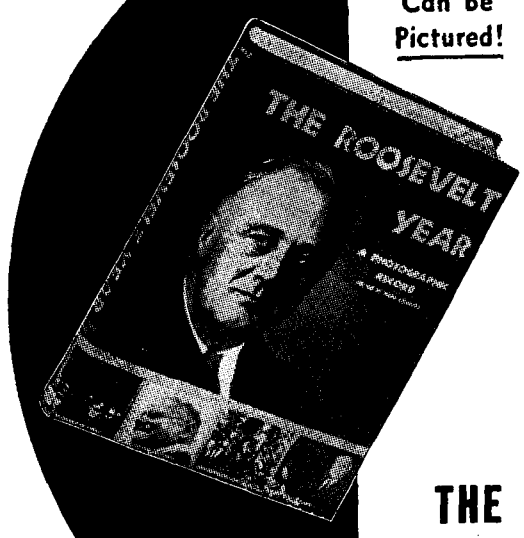
"It may well rank as one of the few really great novels of the Civil War."—*Scribner's Magazine.*

"A stirring, utterly American book of men and women and war. Kantor has compressed into a single drama all that America which came to the climax of its dissension at Gettysburg. A work of distinction."—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

$2.50 COWARD - McCANN, Inc. • 55 Fifth Avenue, N. Y

The Book of the Hour!

Now It Can Be Pictured!



A LITERARY DIGEST BOOK

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Just Published!

THE ROOSEVELT YEAR

A Photographic Record

Edited by PARE LORENTZ

The drama, the triumphs, the tragedies, the tenseness, the vivid contrasts of American life from January, 1933, to March 4, 1934, revealed by over 400 unforgetable photographs, supplemented by brilliant captions and a few words of sparkling text.

A permanent record of one of the most critical periods in American history. It will be talked about and referred to for years. Splendidly arranged and indexed. Don't Miss It! Size 9 x 12 inches. $2.75.

FUNK and WAGNALLS COMPANY

Publishers 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Japan and World Peace

THE MENACE OF JAPAN. By T. O'Conroy. New York: H. C. Kinsey & Co. 1934. $3.00.

Reviewed by SHERWOOD EDDY

IT is seldom that a book is at once unfair and yet important, but, like "Mother India," I fear that "The Menace of Japan" is both. The author, like Miss Mayo, dwells too exclusively on the dark side of things as if they constituted the whole picture, but even after allowing for his exaggerations and sweeping negative generalizations he does make his case as to the fact that Japan is a menace. Those who stand behind the machinations of the munition makers, now being revealed both in books and in magazines, could well afford to increase the circulation of this work, but the man who has nothing but contempt for this artificial war propaganda, will yet find in this volume an enlightening account of just why Japan is a menace.

The author's background throws some light upon his prejudices. Running away to sea at thirteen as an Irish lad, he became a rolling stone with a gift for languages, and for years knocked about the world. He went to Japan for fifteen years where he found the women "truly exquisite," "angels," etc., but practically without exception he found the men "ruthless, cruel, lustful, and treacherous." He married into a Japanese "aristocratic family," and his wife has helped him to collect evidence for this book, but the "unspeakable insults and petty humiliations" heaped upon them both by the Japanese appear to have embittered him. He seems to have found nothing good in Japan in fifteen years except the women. He might better not have made the assertion: "I claim to be the greatest living authority on Japan in either hemisphere." His case is further weakened by his pivotal use of the Tonaka memorial "said to be a forgery by the Japanese" and rather obviously so to informed and objective foreign scholars, but repeatedly used as if genuine by the author in overstating his case against Japan. That case is too strong to need any forgeries added to it.

Mr. O'Conroy is not only conceited but he has a number of blind spots about things Japanese. It is preposterous for him to claim to be the best informed foreigner regarding Japan. Apparently he knows next to nothing about some of the more hopeful, constructive movements. To vent his spleen on account of the insults which he refers to he has throughout stressed the dark side and been blind to the better side. There are some valuable revelations in the book, and if people will read it in conjunction with "A Daughter of the Samurai" and the honeyed praise of everything Japanese by some Westerners, it might serve as an antidote. O'Conroy's book cannot help but do harm with ill-informed Americans, and it is most unfortunate that it should appear now when there is such widespread distrust of Japan and talk of an inevitable war.

As to distrust, it is unfortunately justified by Japan's record on the mainland since September, 1931, but as to war, I see no justification nor serious probability of it. Japan has torn Manchuria from China, violating three solemn treaties and covenants in doing so. She has spurned the Lytton Commission and its Report, defied the League of Nations, and served notice of withdrawal from it. She has exploited Manchuria with the same ruthless harshness she has shown to Korea. She has ruined or caused to be ruined the Russian "Chinese Eastern Railway" and built airdromes, military railways, and roads in Northern Manchuria, as if preparing for war on Russia. She has violated the sovereignty and well-being of China and has menaced the peace of the Far East and of the world. Of course she professes peace but she has broken her word so often over Manchuria that it is now almost worthless.

Professor O'Conroy shows why the military staffs which dominate Japan today regard all this as only the first beginnings of their manifest destiny. The Emperor, as the direct descendant of the Sun Goddess, rules under her mandate implicitly and fanatically accepted by the people: "My children in their capacities of deities shall rule." If the whole Japanese race "share the same divine origin with the Imperial family" and call themselves "the Children of the Gods," if they are incessantly taught their own determined and divine destiny as they are taught to despise every other race as "barbarian," almost without rights, they become inoculated with a dangerous and insolent conceit, according to this book.

Professor O'Conroy quotes General Araki and other members of the military staffs and the Japanese press, endeavoring to show that Japan intends to advance after Manchuria upon "China, India, Australia, including New Zealand and Russia." She has her eyes upon Hongkong, the Dutch Indies, Siam, the Philippines, and the Hawaiian Islands. She proposes to dominate all Asia as her province. Then she will force the world. The author points out that it is a race between military conquest and bankruptcy. Although the treatment of Japan's desperate economic situation is inadequate, he shows enough to convince us that it is the crucial factor. As soon as the pinch of hunger and the approach of near famine assails a district the middleman descends upon the poor farmer and offers to buy up his small daughters, for lives of prostitution or as liberal slaves herded in the dormitories of industry. The author represents the traffic in girls as appalling and increasing.

At the close of the book one is convinced, even after taking many sweeping statements with a liberal allowance of salt, that Japan is indeed a menace to world peace today. We simply do not know what is at the back of the minds of Generals Araki and Hoyashi. If they think they can defeat a combined Russia and China before Japan goes bankrupt there will be war when the snow melts in the spring. If not, there will be peace. Unless Japan be heavily financed as part of a world war, she could not maintain operations against Russia and China for over a year. The Soviet Union, apart from a world war, could fight for thirty years. As the leading publicist of Russia once said to the writer: "If Japan provokes a conflict she will win all the opening battles of the war, but we would win the war." It would be the fate of Napoleon in Russia all over again. We can only devoutly hope that the author of "The Menace of Japan" is not correct in his dire prophecies.

Sherwood Eddy, former secretary for Asia of the Y. M. C. A., is the author, among numerous other books, of "The Challenge of the East."

From Fish to Man

MAN AND THE VERTEBRATES. By Alfred Sherwood Romer. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by HOMER W. SMITH

PROFESSOR ROMER has written this volume primarily for a textbook to be used, as the cover states, in a comprehensive course in biology under the New Plan at the University of Chicago. But it is not an ordinary textbook, since it tells the story of vertebrate evolution in a rather new way. It omits the complex but rather inconsequential ramifications of invertebrate evolution to concentrate upon the history of the vertebrates and man, a history that makes all other histories, including contemporary, seem trivial. Its style recommends it for light reading, and it is illustrated with such a profusion of line-drawings, charts, photographs, and reproductions of Charles R. Knight's imaginative, but none the less authoritative, paintings that these compete with the text for attention on every other page.

From vertebrate beginnings, all but obliterated by time, the book follows down the eras of earth's history, pausing a moment at each of the great life-events: the invention of a backbone, of jaws, of limbs; the discovery that air can be breathed and land can be walked upon; the reptilian declaration of independence from the water, and the almost chaotic evolution of these forms into as grotesque an assortment of crawling, walking, leaping, flying, swimming beasts as any mad cartoonist ever dreamt; on by one alley to the birds, glorified reptiles camouflaged by feathers, and by another, through the "dog-jawed" reptiles, to the warm-blooded, viviparous mammals; to primate intelligence, and primate hands and eyes and brain, to man.

Professor Romer frequently takes the opportunity to show how droughts and floods, heat and cold have, by shaping it, left an imprint upon the stream of life and served to fashion the lord of creation. You who are looking for a comprehensive history, or you who are seeking a new thrill, pick up this book the next time you are shopping, and slowly turn its pages. You will possibly miss the 5:15 and forget the N R A in your absorption in a form of adventure that is new to you.

Homer W. Smith is a member of the department of physiology in New York University and Bellevue Medical College. His "Kamongo" is a stimulating discussion of biological theory.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Books

Biography

THEY HAD THEIR HOUR. By Marquis James. Bobbs-Merrill. 1934. $2.75.

In the interval of preparing his second volume on Andrew Jackson, Mr. James has assembled some narratives of incidents of varying importance, ranging from piracy in Colonial days to the Louisiana lottery and most of them of dramatic interest. They bring together so miscellaneous a group as Captain Kidd, Benjamin Franklin, William Barret Travis of the Alamo, John Wilkes Booth, and Major General G. M. Dodge, builder of the Union Pacific Railroad. Captain Kidd is regarded by Mr. James as a victim of judicial murder, a view which is at variance with conclusions drawn from recent and detailed investigation. Franklin appears in his famous adventure with the kite and also in the very different but highly interesting role of editor of Jefferson's draft of the Declaration of Independence. Jefferson wrote, for instance: " . . . causes which impel them to threaten separation." Franklin struck out "threaten" and substituted a simple but forceful "the." Jefferson wrote: "We hold these truths to be sacred and undeniable. . . ." Franklin sharpened the point by a simple change: "We hold these truths to be self-evident."

Lincoln's assassination, the pursuit of Booth, and the trial of the conspirators are related with graphic detail. In an appendix Mr. James adds that he has investigated the stories of Booth's escape and reappearances and finds no truth in any of them. The remains of one David George, who committed suicide in Oklahoma, leaving a note saying that he was Booth, were formerly one of New York's "claims to distinction as a community." Now, Mr. James understands, they are "helping to build up the reputation of Chicago." He makes a slip, however, when he says that Lincoln defeated McClellan in 1864 "by a small margin." Lincoln's popular vote was 2,330,000 to McClellan's 1,835,000; his electoral vote was ten times McClellan's, 212 to 21.

Especially dramatic is the familiar but always engrossing story of the stealing of a railroad train in the heart of the Confederacy by a score of picked Federals in 1862, with its tragic dénouement. A dramatic story of peace time is the race between the builders of the eastbound Central Pacific and the westbound Union Pacific, which ended by agreement when the rails of the rival roads came together in Utah.

R. J. D.

Fiction

THE HAWK AND THE TREE. By Patrick Carleton. Dutton. 1934. $2.50.

Another story of Youth-Finding-Itself (after revolting at the barrenness of an unsatisfying civilization) lies within these covers. But this particular Youth has, in his quest for a solution, a quality of freshness, sincerity, and idealism which reaches beyond the more usual cynical basis of many rebellious young protagonists in contemporary novels. Bill's very earthiness contains elements above itself, so that one realizes afresh how much lies in atmosphere and motive. The note is sounded at once in the first chapter when he revolts from the stereotyped stuffing which, as a young schoolmaster, he sees being administered as an English boy's proper education. He will roam the highroads to his last shilling rather than coöperate in this stultification. Precisely that is what he does, and we have his philosophizings and his contented experimentations through a sequence of varied adventures including—as the most influential of many—some suggestive weeks as an assistant in a country pub, where he absorbs all the implications of bedrock country living. "The peasants were perfect of their kind. . . . Only he was imperfect: instinctive but unable to fulfil his instincts, discontented but incapable of imagining content."

As a sequel, finally, to a successful attempt to turn professional boxer, Bill sinks himself, with odd satisfaction, in the North-country family of his pal. But always his creative power has been subconsciously at work and ultimately from all his wanderings a book produces itself, whose success tempts him back to civilization and precipitates a love affair. After a hasty retreat, he is left at the close in his North-country refuge again, to write or box or follow free inspiration at will, among the downright, semi-illiterate provincials who love and accept—while not in the least understanding—his complex simplicities. " . . . for two years, now, I've been trying to find something, some job, that I feel I'm made for. . . . Doesn't matter whether I'm particularly good at it. What matters is that I feel right with myself when I'm doing it."

The reader cannot be led to this unexpected termination without feeling that this is not all; that no such ending is final though it is satisfying for this book. But it is clear also that this author can handle, if he wishes, the later maturity of ideas which such a character will reach; and in so projecting his interests the reader testifies to the sincerity of the book's achievement in thought and feeling, quite apart from the interest in the changing panorama of its scenes.

M. C. D.

FAMILY CRUISE. By Helen Ashton. Doubleday, Doran. 1934. $2.50.

Helen Ashton's new novel belongs in the competent but unexciting class,—a category which many of her English compatriots seem to keep filled up by mass-production of exceptional regularity. Her characters are nicely assorted and thoroughly recognizable, if sometimes rather devastatingly British in an upper middle class way. Treatment of both cruise and family is conventional, but is saved from dulness by a certain irony and a business-like manner. The nearest approach to novelty in the elements which make up the book lies in the author's choice of a background for her story, since the particular cruise with which she is concerned starts at Venice, skirts the Dalmatian coast, and then investigates Corfu and Greece with academic thoroughness. The Delameres are not particularly learned Hellenists, though some of their fellow passengers are, and the developments within their family circle which are the main affair of the book might as well have happened anywhere else. The sun-soaked Adriatic and Ægean rocks do, however, lend a special atmosphere to the whole book, and some of Miss Ashton's descriptions of what the cruise folders call "Optional Excursions" make pleasant reading.

Meanwhile during the cruise the younger Delamere girl has decided that she is not, after all, in love with one man, and will marry another; her married sister has adjusted herself, not without pain, to life with her brilliant husband and to the prospect of motherhood; Mrs. Dela-

(*Continued on next page*)

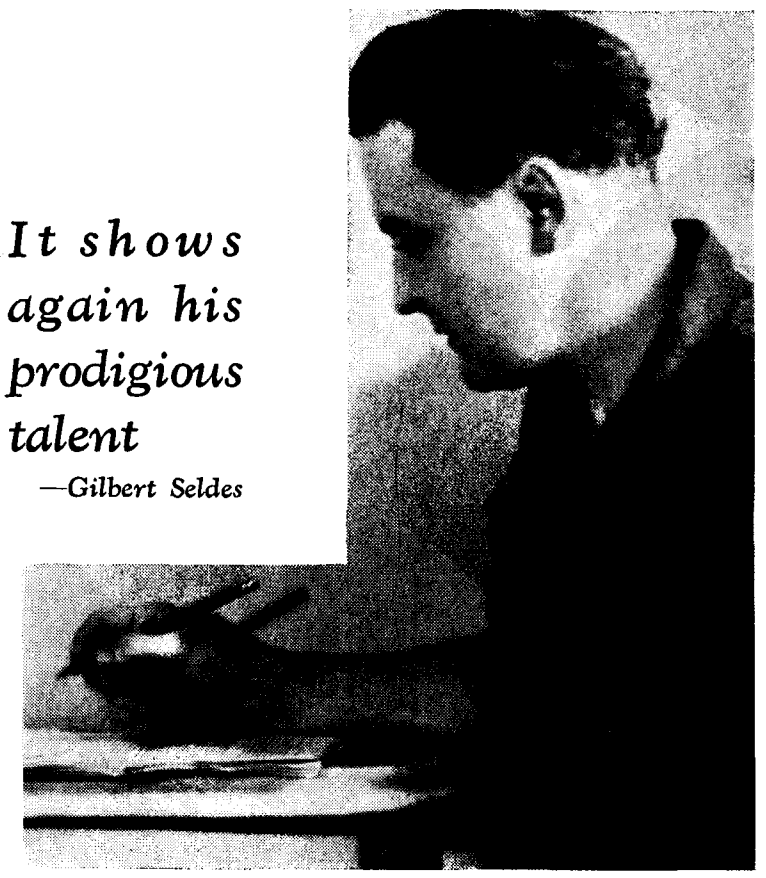
The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DEATH OF A GHOST *Margery Allingham* (Crime Club: $2.)	Two artists murdered in London colony. Albert Campion and Inspector Oates of the Yard divide honors.	Usually delightful Campion wasted on first humorless Allingham; otherwise good mystery of how, not who.	Readable
EPILOGUE *Bruce Graeme* (Lippincott: $2)	Scotland Yard takes a whack at the mystery of Edwin Drood (previous acquaintance not essential).	Easy on the aorta until close of third period; ingenious dénouement.	Middling
THE BLONDE COUNTESS *Herbert O. Yardley* (Longmans, Green: $2)	Beautiful German spy worries "Black Chamber" in Washington but "clever, clever devil" fools her at last.	Mr. Yardley knows his spy stuff and can tell a good story, though there are some rough edges.	Thriller

"The maturest novel he has written"—Burton Rascoe

Tender Is the Night



It shows again his prodigious talent
—*Gilbert Seldes*

F. Scott Fitzgerald

author of "The Great Gatsby," and "This Side of Paradise"

"This book shows its author's distinctive gifts — a romantic imagination . . . a swiftness of movement and a sense of enchantment in people and places, all of which combine to give . . . the great merit of being always entertaining."
—*Mary Colum in The Forum.* $2.50

The Life of Cardinal Mercier
by James A. Gade

"A thrilling biography of a fascinating personality and a modern Christian saint. . . . One of the great biographies of our times." — *Religious Book Club Bulletin.*
Illustrated. $2.75

Ralegh
by Irvin Anthony

"Gorgeous narrative, exuberant, slashing, riotous in color . . . a spirited and inspiriting book. . . . Irvin Anthony has done a kindling portrait."—*Percy Hutchison in The New York Times.* $3.25

A Girl Before the Mast
by Betty Jacobsen

Thrills, fun, absorbingly interesting narrative and many exciting illustrations from photographs in the story of a Brooklyn girl who worked her way from Australia to England, 'round Cape Horn, in the grain-racer *Parma.* $2.00

Hay Dieting
Menus and Receipts
by Josephine Boyer *and* Katherine Cowdin

Food compatibility arranged according to the famous scientific studies of Dr. William Howard Hay in hundreds of tasty, practical receipts and scores of menus for every occasion. $3.00

"A wild, romantic, fantastic, gallant story."
—New York Times.

The Saga of the Comstock Lode
Boom Days in Virginia City
by George D. Lyman
author of "John Marsh, Pioneer"

"A delightful combination of a 'Western' and a thriller of big business. . . . It is the hero tale of the golden West. It is biography . . . history, politics, scandal, and sociology; an unusual book."—*William Allen White*
With many illustrations
SECOND BIG PRINTING. $3.50
at all bookstores
Charles Scribner's Sons, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

JOHN KEATS

Compiled from His Letters and Essays

By EARLE VONARD WELLER

"A most clever job."—*N. Y. Times*

"Gains extraordinary power when read as a story."—*Sat. Rev. Lit.*

"Even the general reader [will be] enthralled by the comedy, tragedy, . . . beauty in the book."—*Bk. of the Mo. Club News*

$5.00

STANFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
Stanford University, California

1933—*a critical year critically reviewed in . . .*

Social Change and the New Deal

Edited by WILLIAM F. OGBURN

MILLS of Columbia on economic recovery; LAUCK of Washington on labor; FAIRCHILD of New York University on reconstruction; FRANCES PERKINS on unemployment; OGBURN of Chicago on the background and the future of the New Deal; and eight others well qualified to appraise the events of this significant year.—*Paper*, $1.

At your bookstore or from
The University of Chicago Press

MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION

By Lloyd C. Douglas

* Third best selling book of fiction in the United States throughout 1933 . . .
* A national best-seller for more than 20 consecutive months . . . Thirty-
* fourth printing $2.50

WILLETT, CLARK & COMPANY
Chicago New York

BETTER THAN The Gold Standard!

Now we can supply booksellers everywhere with our new, attractive, blue and silver display stand. It is even an improvement on *The Gold Standard* which has been so successful in the bookshops of New York City. Write for details to . . .

BOOKSTORE DEPARTMENT
The Saturday Review of Literature
25 West 45th St., New York City

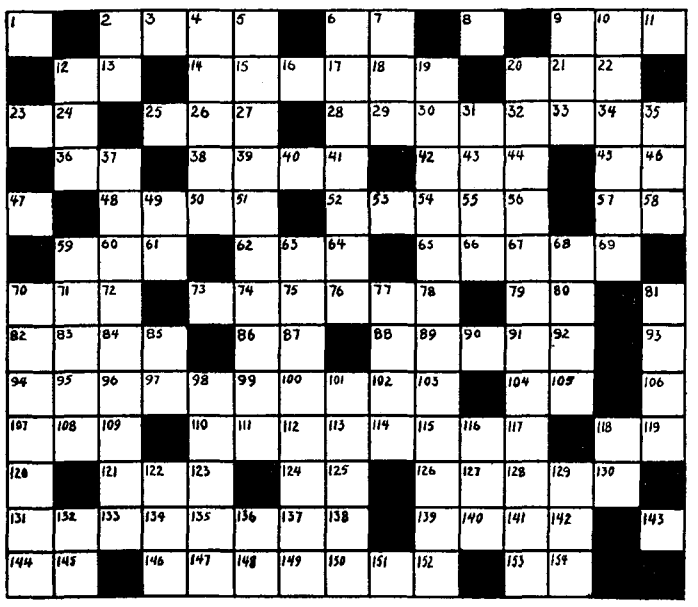
Double-Crostics: Number 3

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-one words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing! The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken.



DEFINITIONS

I. 110-82-66-116. One of the Greek humors.
II. 64-43-58-78-105-60-85-13. Beseeches.
III. 52-121-61-152-113-148-109-86-135-25. A flower.
IV. 106-18-96-55-30-63-1-84. A judge of Israel.
V. 95-48-69-21-104-112. Scene of first Lincoln-Douglas debate.
VI. 68-47-59-76-101-94-91-9. Columbus found it (two words).
VII. 126-67-40-37-100-134-31. Somewhat saline.
VIII. 97-7-149-132-17-88. Proposals.
IX. 24-120-49-147-131-115-15-127. Cupbearer to Artaxerxes.
X. 90-2-75-79-141. Distant, reserved.
XI. 65-50-41-56-22-145. Insignificant, trifling.
XII. 3-117-143-103. Suffix denoting cult (pl.).
XIII. 102-77-83-4-23-34-16-153-29-111. Unimportant.
XIV. 72-36-39-122-28. A Meredith heroine.
XV. 26-20-73-8-53-98-108. They made a Schnitzler hero famous.
XVI. 19-133-139-119-46-54-35. Wrote history of world in jail.
XVII. 124-45-154-125-99-57-80-11. To prove the same.
XVIII. 151-70-74-81-6-33-118. Impervious.
XIX. 128-93-146-32-136-114-107-87-140-51-5. Chance.
XX. 123-10-138-62-42-129-44-92-27. Pusillanimous.
XXI. 137-14-38-150-89-12-71-144-130-142. Womanlike, but no lady.

WORDS

I. _____
II. _____
III. _____
IV. _____
V. _____
VI. _____
VII. _____
VIII. _____
IX. _____
X. _____
XI. _____
XII. _____
XIII. _____
XIV. _____
XV. _____
XVI. _____
XVII. _____
XVIII. _____
XIX. _____
XX. _____
XXI. _____

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 2)

ROBERT HERRICK—"TO CHERRY BLOSSOMS"

Ye may simper, blush and smile
And perfume the air awhile,
But, sweet things, ye must be gone,
Fruit, ye know, is coming on;
Then, ah! then, where is your grace
Whenas cherries come in place!

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 628)

had quite forgotten that "Ulysses" was one of Tennyson's titles.

Too easy!

ELLEN R. WARD.

Metuchen, N. J.

Good Idea

SIR:—I am assistant librarian at the Salem Athenæum and am a cross-word puzzle addict of a most pronounced type. I am delighted at the prospect of a puzzle every week, and if they keep up the standard of this first one in ingenuity and interest, shall be more than pleased. I consider this one just about hard enough—one can put some good work into it and yet not have it absolutely discouraging.

The idea is a good one.

ANITA FESSENDEN.

Salem, Mass.

Might Be Harder

SIR:—Excellent. Evolution of old-fashioned square-word and numerical acrostic, through modern cross-word puzzle; and not so easy to solve as one might think. Definitions might be a little harder, provided too many names are not run in.

CHARLES Q. DE FRANCE.

Lincoln, Nebraska.

Congratulations

SIR:—Let me congratulate you on the cleverness of your new type of word puzzle. I was especially pleased at the attractive list of words which you arranged so as to spell the author's full name, and the title of the poem (work) quoted, by the initial letters. It must be more difficult to construct such a puzzle than to solve it.

L. W. PAYNE, JR.

Austin, Texas.

(Shall we make the definitions harder? What do other readers think?—THE EDITORS.)

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

mere herself from being something of a family tyrant has evolved considerably towards a more tolerant and less egotistic attitude. Finally, her husband, whose experiences on the cruise are by far the least pleasant, accepts old age and lost illusions with fitting resignation. All this is clearly and believably recounted, with humor and a few slightly caricatural portraits of the other passengers. It is all quite harmless, readable, and as satisfactory in a facile way as the cruise itself.

T. P., JR.

IT'S LATER THAN YOU THINK. By Kenneth Horan. Ballou. 1934. $2.

This is the sort of book in which everything is over-subtle and too much refined upon, and nobody has any common sense. The reader has some difficulty at the beginning in picking out the essential problem from the maze of allusions to an earlier book to which this is a sequel, but it can be traced out as follows: David Parmenter had loved Kaye Nash, but she had been persuaded to reject him for the sake of her career which, however, had not prevented her from marrying somebody else, as David had done likewise. David's marriage is childless, but with his wife's consent he has adopted a daughter, who is suspected to be, and in fact is, his own illegitimate child. Now Kaye's son is in love with this girl, and for different reasons the parents oppose the marriage.

Around this artificial problem are reared mountains of talk, filled with philosophies of life whose chief common quality is their tendency to the non-sequitur. It would take too much space to cite any of the ideas for criticism, but the quality of mind may be seen equally well in a sample of the incidental ornament: "A humanist in the orthodox sense of the word, her motto was to keep cheerful. Austin called her an Episcopal Boadicea." It is not quite clear whether Boadicea is chosen as an exponent of orthodox humanism or of resolute cheerfulness, but that is clarity itself beside much of the conversation.

B. D.

THELMA SVANE. By Flora Sandström. Kinsey. 1934. $2.

It is said that the Swedes, knowing us chiefly through the books of Messrs. Sinclair Lewis and Upton Sinclair, suppose that we all inhabit murderous industrial cities, or stagnating villages, built in prairies. It may be that there is a similar one-sidedness about the choice of Swedish authors presented to us, but certainly on the testimony of books that have come out of that country Sweden seems to be a nation of happy farmers who know their good fortune, who take the best of the new world and keep the best of the old. In "Thelma Svane," for all that the book begins with an estrangement, when Thelma, the most beautiful girl and daughter of the richest farmer of the countryside, marries a poorer farmer against her father's wish, and for all that it ends with a tragedy, there is throughout a deep sense of the peacefulness of a country life. It is enriched by legends out of the past, of bold deeds, and of strangely beautiful women, like Thelma's ancestress, Thelma Honey Hair; and though some of the old beliefs are harmful—indeed, the catastrophe comes about because Thelma's ignorant mother-in-law consults an old witch-wife—the whole story breathes an assurance that all the darkness is being left behind.

Against the invasion of the new world,

(*Continued on page* 638)

"It's a sizzling behind-the-scenes story about the navy." . . .
New York World Telegram

"An exhilarating plunge into adventure. A story of men and the sea, of duty and discipline and love. Life on a destroyer in Far Eastern waters is described with vivid detail. There's not a dull page in it, and plenty of exciting ones." *New York Herald Tribune.*

By FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

We Sail Tomorrow

$2 LONGMANS GREEN & CO. New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to Miss Loveman, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

Ancient History

THE long arm of the past has reached out to swallow us up this week.

G. O'B. of Scranton Pa., *wants books on ancient Egyptian, Greek, or Roman history which may be used for reference. These need not necessarily be confined to text books, provided they contain details on Olympic games, gladiatorial combats, etc.*

An admirable work, noteworthy especially for its economic interpretation, is Mikhail I. Rostovtsev's HISTORY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD (Oxford University Press). This is the product of sound and brilliant scholarship and recent enough to embody the latest findings of research. It is in two volumes, the first covering the Orient and Greece, the second, Rome. THE CAMBRIDGE ANCIENT HISTORIES (Macmillan), of course, leap to mind. Volume I of this indispensable series covers Egypt and Babylonia to 1580 B. C.; Volume II, Egypt and the Hittite Empires to 1000 B. C., and there are separate volumes on Greece and Rome. The work of one of the leading archæologists in the Egyptological field, James H. Breasted's HISTORY OF EGYPT FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PERSIAN CONQUEST (Scribner), embodies much interesting detail of the life and customs of the ancient Egyptians. The fullest description of the daily life of this people is still to be found in what is however an antiquated book, Adolf Erman's LIFE IN ANCIENT EGYPT. It is now out of print.

As to Greek life, a brief but interesting survey is to be had in J. P. Mahaffy's OLD GREEK LIFE (American Book Co.) and an excellent portrayal of the Athenian's daily round is to be found in William Stearns Davis's A DAY IN OLD ATHENS (Macmillan). G. O'B. will find Greek games described in Edward Norman Gardiner's ATHLETICS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD (Oxford University Press), and if she has the patience to swallow a dull novel for the sake of its descriptions of customs and manners Wilhelm A. Becker's CHARICLES: OR ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE ANCIENT GREEKS (Longmans, Green) might be worth the reading.

On Rome, as on Greece, William Stearns Davis has an illuminating volume. "A Day in Old Rome" (Macmillan), which has been widely popular, purports to set forth the observations of a visitor to Rome in the year 134 A. D. Two other interesting works are William Warde Fowler's SOCIAL LIFE AT ROME IN THE AGE OF CICERO (Macmillan) and his ROMAN FESTIVALS OF THE PERIOD OF THE REPUBLIC (Macmillan).

Ancient History in Fiction Form

Though we're not really through with G. O'B.'s question yet, since anything further we might say in regard to it applies equally to the inquiry we've had from another correspondent, we'll pass on to that and combine further information for G. O'B. with that for the latter.

G. H. B., Jr., of Norfolk, Va., *sends us word by proxy that he wants books concerning the medieval period, and also on ancient Greece and Rome. He is particularly interested in romances dealing with the former period . . . and so far as Athens and Rome are concerned what he wants is material on those cities when they were in their prime, as well as biographical sketches of their statesmen.*

Before beginning our list of fiction we want to add to the group of histories we mentioned for G. O'B. one that offers in bird's-eye view both ancient times and the Middle Ages. G. H. B., Jr., would do well, we think, to refresh his memory of historical fact before starting in on romanticized versions of it. He can get a brief survey in A HISTORY OF EUROPE ANCIENT AND MEDIEVAL (Ginn), by James Henry Breasted and James Harvey Robinson, a textbook, but one containing much picturesque detail. The first part of the work, covering earliest man, the Orient, Greece, and Rome, is by Professor Breasted, the second, which outlines the history of Europe from the breakup of the Roman Empire to the outbreak of the French Revolution, is by Professor Robinson. For more extensive reading there is of course THE CAMBRIDGE MEDIEVAL HISTORY (Macmillan). And now for the romances.

Ancient Greece apparently has exerted fascination over women. Thus, we find among the most successful novels with that country for background romances by Gertrude Atherton and Naomi Mitchison. Mrs. Atherton in her THE IMMORTAL MARRIAGE (Boni) weaves her tale about Pericles and Aspasia, portraying Athens, of course, in the Golden Age and introducing into her story numerous figures of its glorious era. In a second romance, VENGEFUL GODS (Boni), a narrative which she calls a processional novel of the fifth century B. C., she has taken Alcibiades as hero, and built her plot about the incidents of his dramatic career. The fifth century (in its later stretch, however), serves as background also for Mrs. Mitchison in CLOUD CUCKOO LAND (Harcourt, Brace), a story of Greece and the coast of Asia Minor during the latter part of the Peloponnesian War and the period of the supremacy of Sparta. Mrs. Mitchison furnishes further a collection of tales of Greek life called BLACK SPARTA (Harcourt, Brace).

When it comes to Rome, there are, first of all, the good old classics, Walter Pater's MARIUS THE EPICUREAN, that delicate depiction of the mental and moral development of a Roman of philosophic mind, a friend of Galen and Marcus Aurelius; Sienkiewicz's QUO VADIS? (Little, Brown), a narrative of the time of Nero, in which the apostles Peter and Paul appear, and which to the accompaniment of vivid and exciting incident depicts the struggle between paganism and Christianity, and Bulwer Lytton's LAST DAYS OF POMPEII, which plays during the reign of Titus. Coming down to books of a later period, the late William Stearns Davis's A FRIEND OF CÆSAR (Macmillan) has had long and deserved popularity. A tale of the fall of the Roman Republic, Cæsar, Antony, and Cleopatra all make their appearance in it, and the crossing of the Rubicon and the Battle of Pharsalia are introduced. And, oh, now that we are writing of William Stearns Davis we realize that we didn't cite in the proper place his A VICTOR OF SALAMIS (Macmillan), a romance of the time of Xerxes, Leonidas, and Themistocles, which introduces the Isthmian games, the Panathenaic festival, and the battles of Thermopylæ, Salamis, and Platæa. What names to conjure with! There rises in our mind visions of that lovely land of Greece, and the hill above the Gulf of Salamis where Xerxes was supposed to have planted his silver-footed chair so that he might sit and watch the progress of the battle, where was destroyed "the bloom of all the Persian youth." Was ever such another beautiful combination of sea and sky and mountain landscape! We opened our Baedeker a moment ago to refresh our memory on some detail, and there fell out some anemones, long since dried, but still preserving the red color with which the battlefield of Marathon ran flaming from the mountains to the sea when we saw it one April day. Sprung from the blood of the Persians, the Greeks say.

We've let our recollections carry us away, and betray us into using space that can be put to much better use than idle enthusiasm. We wandered off, too, just when we meant to finish our list on Rome with mention of Mrs. Mitchison's THE CONQUERED (Harcourt, Brace), in which a chieftain of the Veneti during Cæsar's campaign in Gaul plays the leading role and into which Vercingetorix enters, and without citing her WHEN THE BOUGH BREAKS (Harcourt, Brace), a collection of tales three of which deal with Vercingetorix and another with the Colossæ in the time of St. Paul. Remarkable recreations of Roman life, too, are *Andivius Hedulio* and *The Unwilling Vestal* (both Dutton), by Edward Lucas White whose tragic death by suicide occurred the other day. For biographical sketches of the great figures of Greece and Rome the outstanding work is of course Plutarch's *Lives*, to be had in numerous editions.

We still have a portion of G. H. B. Jr.'s list to present, that portion bearing on medieval times, but discretion tells us that it is the better part of wisdom to leave that for our next issue. So we arrive at

Card Tricks

A. S. of Van Wert, O., writes us:

I want a book giving methods of telling fortunes with cards and other tricks of that nature, something about a dollar in price.

We've discovered two that come within her limit, MODERN CARD TRICKS (Sully: $1), by H. Blackstone, and Foulsham's CARD AND CONJURING TRICKS (McKay: 75 cents).

A new novel by the author of that rowdy success "Cold Comfort Farm"

Bassett

By Stella Gibbons

"How Miss Baker acquired £400 . . . lost her job . . . and made the acquaintance of Miss Padsoe, all within a few weeks, and after twenty-one years of drab monotony, is a most amusing and engaging tale. 'Bassett' (the name of their fantastic home for paying guests) must be counted as one of the pleasantest books the spring has brought. Suave . . . stimulating . . . remarkably shrewd."—*London Times.*

"Those who remember Miss Gibbons's *'Cold Comfort Farm'* will expect something unusual from her mischievous humor. This shrewdly entertaining story she calls a 'novel for spinsters.' Her delicately nipping wit makes it as absorbing as melodrama. She has a glorious sense of absurdity, and the story bristles with sharp points of comedy."—*Book-of-the-Month Club News.*

$2.00

Also by Miss Gibbons

Cold Comfort Farm

"A masterpiece . . . a book the like of which we seldom see . . . outrageously funny; clever and necessary."—Saturday Review

"A wicked and witty pen."—London Times. $2.00

WORTH REMEMBERING

By RHYS JAMES

The story of a family of young rapscallions. "Let us for once make full and loud salute to a riotous explosion of native mirth."—Christopher Morley. $2.00

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. 114 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

The Literary Treat of a decade!

DESIGNED FOR READING

A BLUE BOOK OF LITERATURE

comprising the best work of such outstanding English and American writers as:

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
GEORGE SANTAYANA
LYTTON STRACHEY
T. F. POWYS
WALTER LIPPMANN
J. B. S. HALDANE
ROBERT NATHAN
STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT
MAURICE HINDUS
H. M. TOMLINSON
JOHN BUCHAN
WILLA CATHER
AMY LOWELL
STELLA BENSON
HUMBERT WOLFE
ELMER DAVIS

AN ANTHOLOGY

from the files of

The Saturday Review of Literature

FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS

Selected by Henry S. Canby, Amy Loveman, Christopher Morley and William Rose Benét.

At all bookstores $3.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

BOOKSELLERS!

Every sale of *Designed for Reading*: An Anthology from *The Saturday Review of Literature* means a friend for *The Saturday Review*—a possible subscriber. Are you familiar with our terms to booksellers and have you received your new Bookstore Subscription Book for use in forwarding subscriptions? If not, write at once to—

BOOKSTORE DEPARTMENT

The Saturday Review of Literature, 25 West 45th Street, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS of MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

BARGAIN OFFERS

OUR LARGE STOCK enables us to supply your book wants. Write us of your interests. Send for catalog. Astor Book Shop, 63 Fourth Ave., New York City.

BOOK BINDING

WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED BOOK should wear. A Bennett Binding of Hand-Tooled Imported Leather—Morocco, Levant, or Calf—Modernistic, Period or Conventional Design—according to Date and Content. Bennett Book Studios, Inc., Hand Book-Binders and Wholesale Dealers, 160 East 56th Street, New York City.

BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIA

BOOKS ABOUT RUSSIAN HISTORY and economics, pre-war and Soviet publications in English and Russian. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

DESIDERATA

LISTS solicited of "BOOKS WANTED" or "FOR SALE." MENDOZA BOOK CO., 15 Ann Street, N. Y. The Oldest "Old Book Shop" in New York.

BOOKS RELATING TO SALT WATER ONLY, new, rare and old. Catalogues. Alfred W. Paine, 336 Lexington Avenue (39th Street), New York.

FIRST EDITIONS

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY FIRST EDITIONS. Many choice items. List. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

ONE HUNDRED COLLECTED *Authors* listed in newest catalogue. Benjamin Hauser, 300 Madison Avenue.

FIRST EDITIONS AND GOOD BOOKS. Books by and concerning Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred E. Goldsmith, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

MODERN FIRST EDITIONS AND CURRENT BOOKS. New English book list on application. House of Books, Ltd., 555 Madison Avenue.

FIRST EDITIONS, out-of-print, scarce books supplied promptly, reasonably. Send want list. Treilhard, 1904 Leavenworth, San Francisco.

FRENCH BOOKS

VISIT OR WRITE THE FRENCH BOOKMAN, 202 West 96th Street, New York. Catalogues, 5 cents (stamps).

FRENCH BOOKS OF ALL FRENCH PUBLISHERS, over 500,000 in stock. LOWEST PRICES, catalogue 20c (stamps). FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue, "New York's LARGEST French Bookshop."

FRENCH BOOKS, over 1,000 titles at 50c. Maurois, Morand, Colette, etc. Catalogue. Schoenhof's, 387 Washington St., Boston.

GERMAN BOOKS

GERMAN BOOKS, scientific and literary; ask for catalogue of your specialty. Otto Salomon, Export Bookseller, Oranienburgerstrasse, 58, Berlin N24, Germany.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY Agent. Books, stories, articles and verse criticized and marketed. Play and scenario department. The WRITERS' WORKSHOP, INC., 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

WRITERS' GUILD OF NEW YORK, 246 Fifth Avenue. Market analysis of manuscripts without fee.

NEW YORK MANUSCRIPT BUREAU, 64 Horatio St., N. Y. City. Stories, novels and plays sold, criticized or edited. No reading fee.

J. G. EDMONDS, LITERARY AGENT. First novels, stories wanted. No reading charges. 108 W. 85th St., N. Y. C.

OUT OF PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

"HARD-to-FIND" and "OUT-OF-PRINT" Books reasonably and promptly supplied. "The Seven Bookhunters," Station H, Box 66, New York City.

SCARCE AND RARE BOOKS. Send want lists. No service fees. BOOK HUNTERS, 220 West 42nd, New York City.

FORMER LIBRARIAN specializes completing libraries, also procuring out-of-print books; reasonable. Rosen, 410 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C.

The New Books

(*Continued from page* 636)

the book shows the same sure self-reliance: one native comes home rich from America, and plans at first to build a cinema for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen; but after living for a little with the *genius loci*, he turns the half-finished building into a school. This confidence in Scandinavia's destiny appears in one of the few false notes of the book, the casual statement that two of the boys in the book are to become famous, which obliges the startled reader either to revise his idea of the story's period or to credit the author with prophecy. But even here, one can only envy the writer's belief in her own people, and a country where the life seems even happier than that of "As the Earth Turns," for though it is nearer to the violent deaths of the Vikings, it is farther from "this strange disease of modern life, with its sick hurry, its divided aims."

B. D.

History

THE STRUGGLE FOR SOUTH AFRICA, 1875-1899. By R. I. Lovell. Macmillan. 1934. $4.

This is a book in the Mowat-Fay tradition of nineteenth century diplomatic history. It purports to integrate the details of English colonial development with the larger issues of European policies. This approach, despite its difficulty, gives a thorough insight into the motives of the various officials, who alternately direct and follow the course of events, as well as throwing light on their individual means of solving immediate problems. The result is an authoritative work which can still claim the attention of the general reader by virtue of its wealth of incident.

Most of the situations reveal the very human factors which interpenetrate the fabric of all economic imperialism. The process of making Africa safe for British hegemony proceeded with the utmost rapidity during the twenty-four years to which the author has devoted his study. He traces the flow of red ink across the map from the Cape Colony and Natal to Matabele- and Bechuana-land, through Northern Rhodesia and the country about Lake Nyassa; and at every point one meets with the small colonial or semi-military officeholder, the prospector, and the adventurer, without whose resourcefulness these immense tracts might have fallen to the lot of the Portuguese, the Belgians, or the Transvaalers. Their names are unfamiliar, but their prototype is Dr. Jameson, whose famous Raid will probably remain a classic example of a failure that conferred a renown beyond success. The chapters on the Raid and on the Kruger telegram which it inspired, are the proper climax of the book, and give a clear explanation of why two European powers should find themselves in danger of going to war on account of a situation existing at the other end of the world.

The figure of Cecil Rhodes does not dominate the scene; Mr. Lovell's frankly confessed prejudice as a "Gladstonian Liberal" as well as the intricacy of his method are responsible for this. To be sure, there are times when Rhodes appears as the villain of the piece, as in the analysis of the operations of the British South Africa Company and in the careful review of his possible complicity in Jameson's fiasco; but, for the most part, he is presented as but one force among many. Salisbury, Derby, Kruger, Chamberlain, and Milner are fully as important to the story and are treated with a good deal of consideration, the last two in particular being absolved from the charges of "arch-Imperialism" that still linger over their share in South African affairs.

Struggling with chronology, the author repeats himself rather often and sometimes salvages too many details from his footnotes, which impedes the smoothness of his paragraphs. Fully conscious of these stylistic faults, however, he enters a *caveat* against them in his preface, and they in no way impair the scholarly poise and effectiveness of so thorough a survey of a little known period.

R. G.

Brief Mention

From the Princeton University Press comes *The "Journal" of Philip Vickers Fithian* 1775-1776 edited by R. G. Albion and L. Dodson ($3.50). Fithian was a young Princeton preacher who rode circuit along the western borders of Pennsylvania and Virginia when this region was still in its pioneer stage and stirred by the approaching war of revolution. There is some very valuable first-hand evidence as to customs and population on the frontier. The "Journal" itself is spirited, witty, and sometimes dramatic, especially when Fithian meets with the Indians who made him excessively uncomfortable. In the latter part are descriptions of the war about New York. It is a source book of importance. * * * A book presenting some parallels to the previous one is *Lafayette in America, Day by Day*, by J. Bennett Nolan (Johns Hopkins Press, 1934, 250 copies). This is a first attempt to bring together from Lafayette's own memoirs and the books written about his career in America his complete itinerary for all of his visits. * * * From the Oxford University Press comes a biography of *Cecil Sharp*, by A. H. Fox Strangways ($3). The book is an account of his adventures in collecting folk dance and folk song.

Latest Books Received

(Books of the week in Archeology, Architecture, Art, Belles Lettres, Biography, Business, Drama, Economics, Education, Government, History, International Affairs, Medicine, Music, Nature, Philosophy, Religion, Science, Sociology, Travel, are noted by title as received, unless reviewed in the current issue. Many of those listed will be reviewed later.)

BELLES LETTRES

The Influence of Flaubert on George Moore. W. D. Ferguson. Univ. of Pennsylvania Pr. $1.50.

MISCELLANEOUS

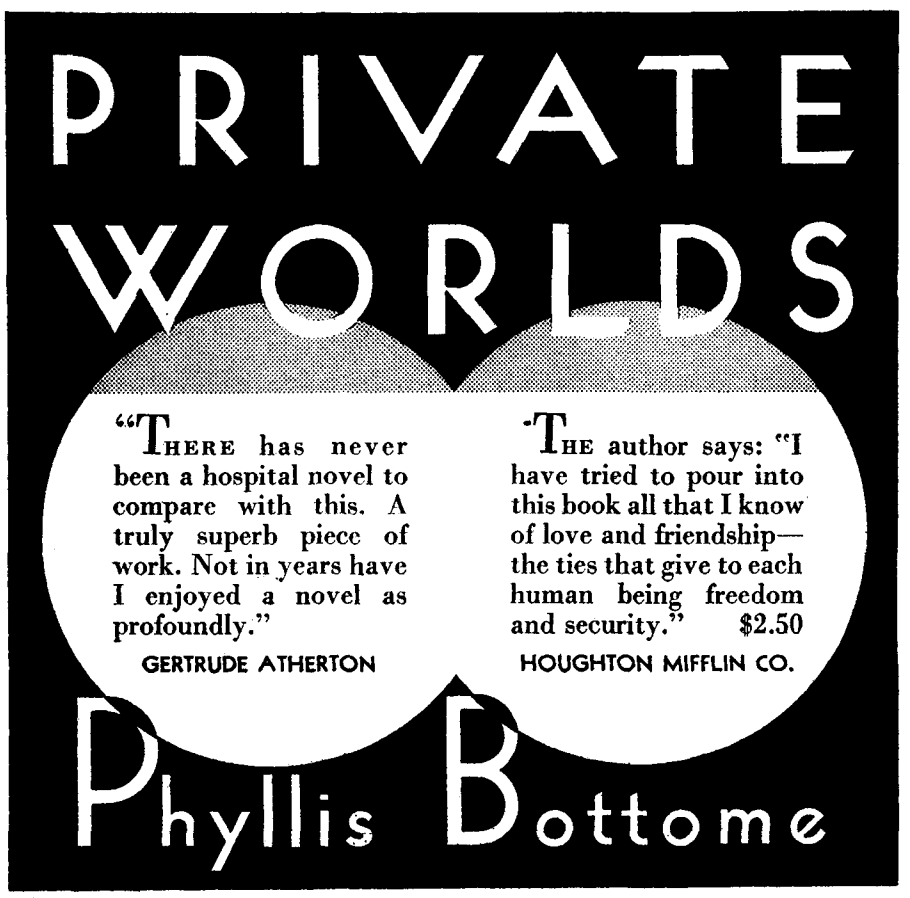
Why Die Before Your Time? H. S. Williams, M. D. McBride. $2. *History of the Bank of New York and Trust Company.* A. Nevins. Privately printed.

RELIGION

The Eternal Galilean. F. J. Sheen. Appleton. $2.

TRAVEL

Bahamas: Isles of June. McBride. $2.75.


PRIVATE WORLDS
"THERE has never been a hospital novel to compare with this. A truly superb piece of work. Not in years have I enjoyed a novel as profoundly."
GERTRUDE ATHERTON
THE author says: "I have tried to pour into this book all that I know of love and friendship—the ties that give to each human being freedom and security."
$2.50
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN CO.
Phyllis Bottome

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept. Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

"FOR MEN must work and women must weep"—so ran the old refrain. In 1934 women have done with weeping. They work instead, and are richer and happier as a result. Read Catherine Filene's up-to-the-minute book, "Careers for Women" and learn from its 159 chapters all about the new ideas, new methods and new opportunities for women in this brave New World. Box 589.

WHY BE LONELY? Send stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Washington.

SPORTS LODGE, $2 per day including excellent meals; bath, all modern conveniences, tennis court, canoes, boat, private beach and dock; run by college grads. Beecher Lodge, Budd Lake, N. J.

BOTANISTS to form correspondent club for purpose of identifying difficult floral specimens. Orchis.

FOR SALE—In Arizona, my beautiful collection of hundreds of mineral specimens from all over the world: gold, silver, lead, asbestos, copper, chrysocolla, etc.; considered one of the finest collections in the Southwest; $6,000. B. Kieran, 4069½ Melrose Ave., Hollywood, Calif.

ANOTHER lone woman in Midwest would like to exchange ideas with either sex of keeping the home fires burning while educating a youth, 19. J. P. G.

WONDER whether it is possible to get a few congenial souls together occasionally just to talk,—not business,—after the fashion of Hopkinson Smith's "Wood Fire in No. 3." No women,—it wouldn't work. Wood Fire.

FIVE-ROOM APARTMENT, exceptionally well arranged on seventeenth floor, modern building, near Gramercy Park. Two large bedrooms. Two baths. Cross ventilation. Real kitchen. Attractive furnishings including well-stocked library. Sublet May to October to responsible tenants at very moderate rental. Cotter.

AMATEUR PLAY GROUPS in or near N. Y.—director of long experience, who knows what it's all about, will stage your coming production sympathetically and expertly for reasonable fee or percentage. Highly endorsed by Little Theatre groups. Discuss your plans with ESCOLL.

SPRING FEVER? Don't write Mr. Canby. Write for our booklet. It's illustrated. Or drop in for a treatment. SILVERMINE TAVERN & GALLERIES, Silvermine, Norwalk, Conn. Telephone Norwalk 2300.

WANTED: Small summer domicile, Michigan or Wisconsin; no close neighbors to be disturbed by typing of magnum opus; swimming, fishing, open fireplace, scenery, low rent. Appreciative tenant. Box 624.

EDUCATED single American, 38, desires procure congenial occupation where he can have few hours daily, devote to own labors. Would someone be interested in services and companionship of this cheerful, trustworthy individual of sound health and engaging personality, return for board, room and small allowance? Any locality. Gentile, references. Box 625.

CONSULTANT, lecturer, social worker. Very successful. Severe illness and depression broke him. All alone. Needs sympathetic, useful introductions. Will you investigate? Box 626.

SCHOOLMASTER'S completely furnished house, four bedrooms, Lockeport, Nova Scotia, July, August, $100; rugged sea scenery, mile-long sand beach; no social life; interesting locale artist or writer. Box 627.

YOUNG MAN with technical experience, 175-200 word-per-minute writer, desires position as stenographer-secretary; full, part time; willing travel; salary secondary. Box 628.

WANTED something to add zest to an existence that threatens to become somewhat monotonous. Widow, fond of out-door activities, books, music, theatre, but would find these interests much more enjoyable if shared with some congenial masculine companion, young enough at 60 to welcome new contacts. Mañana.

WILL non-courageous Cleveland attorney (?) who called Park Lane—get up his courage and call again? Miss B.

A REAL country home right in the middle of Long Island. Cottage, barns, ranch for thousand chickens, fifteen acres, all for forty dollars per month, be-gosh. Whip-poor-will.

WOMAN, reasonably endowed with brains, sense of humor, wishes position New York. Capable in executive capacity or certain phases music, literature, social service. Box 635.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The AMEN CORNER

The Three Sitwells, besides their fame as writers, have acquired a celebrity as figures which has reached international dimensions. The father of the trio, Sir George Sitwell, is hardly less—indeed, we have heard, something more—of a figure, and he now comes before the public as a writer who knows how to "combine wit with learning and a light grace of style with historical scholarship," as the *Times Literary Supplement* says. *Tales of My Native Village,* just published by the Oxford University Press, describes itself as "Studies of Medieval Life, Manners, Art, Minstrelsy, and Religion in the Form of Short Stories;" but it is really far more than that. It recreates for us not only the life of Sir George's "native village," Eckington in Derbyshire, where he has been Lord of the Manor for over seventy years, but the whole life of Chaucer's England, with which the opening study deals. "The Feast," "The Pilgrim," "The Manor Court," "The Serf," come vividly alive, and the illustrations must be seen to be appreciated. They are drawn lavishly from Douce Ms. 264 in the Bodleian Library, and from the celebrated Luttrell Psalter, and all belong to the years 1333-44.

And speaking of manuscripts, you can now own a striking reproduction, in collotype with four pages in full color, of what is considered the finest possession of the Bodleian Library—no small boast. It is *The Romance of Alexander,*[1] a superb illuminated manuscript of the fourteenth century, composed of various medieval tales about Alexander the Great. The edition is strictly limited (250 copies), so this is a rare opportunity. The Oxford University Press[2] will send you a prospectus if you write for it, as we counsel anyone with a medieval library to do.

We could go on counseling, but we are sure such an one will already have *The Legacy of the Middle Ages,*[3] the works of Mr. L. F. Salzman—*English Industries of the Middle Ages,*[4] *English Life of the Middle Ages,*[5] and *English Trade in the Middle Ages*[6]—and Mr. Karl Young's *The Drama of the Medieval Church.*[7] "In its definitive quality, in the enormous range of source materials included, in the author's command of the scholarly work already done, in his objective mastery and judicial employment of it for interpretation, and in the uniformly simple but austere dignity of his literary exposition this is . . . one of the most distinguished and distinctive humanistic tasks completed in the field of modern languages in America," says *Speculum.* THE OXONIAN.

OUR BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH: *Tales of My Native Village,* by Sir George Reresby Sitwell, Bart. $5.00.

(1) $75.00. (2) 114 Fifth Ave. (3) $3.75. (4) $3.50. (5) $2.75. (6) $4.50. (7) 2 vols. $21.00.

A vivid picture

of the attractive and diverse people of the Dutch East Indies . . .

and of the wise ways in which they are educated. A report of the Julius Rosenwald Fund.

ISLAND INDIA GOES TO SCHOOL

By Edwin R. Embree, Margaret Sargent Simon, and W. Bryant Mumford

A beautiful book. $2 at your bookstore or from The University of Chicago Press

Now Over 125,000 Sold

LIFE Begins At FORTY

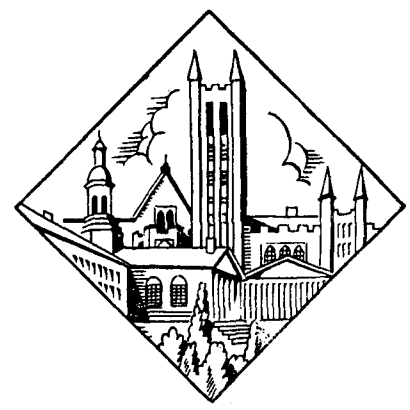
By WALTER B. PITKIN

WHITTLESEY HOUSE, McGraw Hill Bldg
New York City $1.50 at bookstores

Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

☞Quercus is a loyal alumnus and has just been spending a happy hour loitering round the campus of Alma Mater. His guides were three eminent Litt. D.'s who constitute the English staff of the compact little institution. There are twelve snug quadrangles—better not call them dormitories; seminars perhaps; and a thirteenth which can be regarded as the Administration building. Where is this happy academe? Why right on the shelf beside us; we reprint a picture of its dreaming spires, the little drawing it uses as its emblem. It is the Pocket University, a very well culled selection from the literature of all



times and places. The prexy of this small but influential college is Dr. William Rose Benét, and the trustees are Doubleday, Doran and Company (by subscription only).—Here's to Good Old Pocket, drink her down! Fight, team, fight! We want a Touchdown! Wish some alumnus would write her a good Reading Song. It's one of the best of small colleges, and volume XIII, the Guide to Daily Reading, has much wisdom and humor.

☞The University of Pennsylvania Press says that in our note on *The Hispaniola Treasure* we should have said *William* Phips, not *Henry.* "You copied it from our list and it was our fault to begin with; just another example of the reproductive property of sin." ☞Mr. E. V. Lucas, who has just sailed back to England, is preparing a final and definitive edition of the Letters of Charles Lamb; it will contain over 300 letters never published before. It was surprising to learn from E. V. that 51 letters of Lamb (to the Wordsworths) are now at the University of Texas. ☞Mr. Lucas's best Roast Pig adventure here was being taken (in the famous Dymaxion vehicle) to his first Hot Dog Stand. It was the one called *Sylvan* at Englewood Cliffs, a little north of the George Washington Bridge. ☞Here he was served by an excellent fellow who used to be a steward in the White Star Line. E. V., who has a keen sense of Life's Relative Values, was regretful to tear himself away to go to a publisher's tea-party. ☞Speaking of grub, an old pioneer menu is reprinted in Dr. Helen Doyle's *A Child Went Forth* (Gotham House). It comes from the Eldorado Hotel in Hangtown, a boom settlement of the California gold rush. "Beef, tame, from the States, $1.50. Hash, low grade, .75. Hash, 18 carat, $1.00." And under the classification "Game" we read "Codfish balls, per pair, .75." ☞Clifford Gessler, in the Honolulu *Star-Bulletin,* reports on Carl Sandburg's recent lectures at the University of Hawaii. He quotes Carl as saying that he became a poet because he flunked the entrance exam in arithmetic at West Point. "If it hadn't been for that arithmetic quiz, I might now be a colonel flying the air mail."

☞Kelly & Walsh, well-known booksellers in Shanghai, report that *Ulysses* has been banned by the Chinese authorities, who will confiscate and destroy all copies found. ☞And from the London *Publishers' Circular* we learn that both *God's Little Acre* and *Magnus Merriman* are under ban in the Irish Free State. ☞The Friends of the Princeton Library will hold their annual dinner at the Plaza Hotel April 26 and promise a Big Surprise. ☞Harry Scherman, president of the Book-of-the-Month Club, says of *Merchants of Death* (to be published May 1st) "it is a book every sensible man and woman ought to read, ponder over, and hand on among their neighbors." ☞*The Canadian Forum,* an excellent monthly published hitherto under English ownership, has now been taken over by a group of younger men in Toronto. The new editor is Steven Cartwright, a former Rhodes Scholar from Ontario. ☞The Free Library of Philadelphia is exhibiting Mr. Morris Wolf's extraordinary collection of relics of Lord Nelson, including many of the letters to Lady Hamilton. One of the Admiral's best broadsides was "If you was single and I found you under a hedge I would instantly marry you." Even the peaceable old Free Library is much excited and says it was "a love affair as famous as that of Helen and Paris." ☞Which reminds us that Doubleday, Doran have issued (gratis) an amusing and frolicsome booklet about Thorne Smith, written by Malcolm Johnson and Roland Young. ☞Dr. Harry Elmer Barnes remarks that the odyssey of Insull (the Man Without a Utility) makes it timely to reread H. G. Wells's *Tono-Bungay.* Also, how about Joseph Conrad's *Chance?*

☞A Mr. Chamberlain, writing in the *New York Times* of April 2, delivers himself of this:

> Truly, the will to save souls must have departed this world with the passing of Henry Ward Beecher. How else explain the fact that no literary evangelist, concerned for our reputation for good taste, has ever seized us firmly by the scalp and thrust our nose into a book by Dorothy L. Sayers?

If this is the same Mr. Chamberlain who used to work for *The Saturday Review,* the same Mr. Chamberlain to whom Old and Medium Quercus have made innumerable speeches in behalf of Dorothy Sayers, he can go climb a tree.

☞Doubleday, Doran is full of bright tricks. First they send us a large red theatre ticket, inscribed "Present to your bookseller for an evening at home in the theatre," with a list of their current plays in book form: *The Shining Hour, Mary of Scotland, The Master of Revels,* and the Noel Coward Omnibus. ☞Another good stunt is the bloody looking postcard reading—"Lost: A Brooch. Not valuable in itself but holding the secret of a strange and shocking crime . . . the answer to *The Riddle of the Russian Princess.*" The next day we got the brooch, which we passed on to Mermaid M., who promises to mail it to her nephew, a keen mystery fan and future mystery writer. ☞We like the salutation in a letter from Bill Weber of Scribners, whose English is better than his Latin: "Dear Quercae [sic], Parcae, et Erinnyes."

☞We were interested in Ted Weeks's list of best sellers since 1875, and equally interested in all the comments. One peculiarity struck us: Mr. Weeks reports five titles as having sold 1,000,000 copies: *Huckleberry Finn, Pollyanna, Black Beauty, Treasure Island,* and *Trilby.* The last three of these carry an asterisk, with the footnote, " *Indicates estimated figure." Does this mean that *Huck Finn* and *Pollyanna* (what a combination!) have sold exactly 1,000,000 copies each? The same principle applies to ten titles listed at 500,000 copies each, two of them estimated. And why do all the sales figures end in two or three zeroes, except *Lavender and Old Lace,* which sold 611,181? And where are the Rover Boys?

☞The Book Table, a dining club of the antiquarian booksellers of New York, will hold its spring dinner on April 12th. Among the guests will be A. Edward Newton and Chauncey B. Tinker. The occasion will be marked by the issue of a privately printed booklet, *Ned Newton's Ride,* a parody of *John Gilpin* by Mr. W. M. Elkins of Philadelphia. 250 copies are to be sold by the members of the Book Table for their Provident Fund for booksellers in distress. ☞Mills College in California has recently held a very remarkable exhibit illustrating the work of William Morris—not only in printing but also tapestries, wall-papers, leaded glass windows, etc. ☞One of the staff of this paper sends an embarrassed wave of appreciation to *The Broadcaster,* the alert little magazine of the Los Angeles Public Library for its recent comment . . . they will know what. ☞Gene Rea and R. G. Long, of the Bibliophile Bookshop, Columbus, O., have sent us a jug of delicious Ohio maple sirup. The Geauga County Maple Festival went over big this year. Ohio yields nothing to Vermont in the matter of maple sirup. (Geauga is pronounced Je-aw-ga.)

from THE INNER SANCTUM *of*
SIMON *and* SCHUSTER
Publishers, 386 Fourth Avenue, *New York*

THE NEW DEALERS
BY THE UNOFFICIAL OBSERVER

"I have departed from a custom of many years' standing and have concealed my identity from the public," says THE UNOFFICIAL OBSERVER in his foreword to *The New Dealers.*

"This is because these New Dealers are, in the mass, my friends and associates. I believe in what they are trying to do. I am in frequent contact with them, argue their policies with them, assist them in their work when I can, and warn them of possible dangers both in their policies and to the country. Yet in a world ruled by ingrained endocrinology it is impossible to write candidly of even your best friend without losing him, and I have no desire to lose the friendship or cooperation of the New Dealers.

"While I have not taken to the keyhole of a political WINCHELL, *to the muckrake or the bludgeon, I have not, in this book, hesitated to stick pins into toy balloons or to set off firecrackers under political tin cans. Hence I elect to follow the course of safety and not expose myself to the activities of the volunteer political lynching-parties. . . ."*

The element of mystery is not the only reason this book about *The New Dealers* has the *x*-quantity that makes for best-sellerdom. Even if the author's name were proclaimed from the house-tops (*not a chance!*) it would still be teeming with luscious and what F. P. A. would call "unlaydownable" gossip.

Chief Croupier of the New Deal

The New Dealers is shot through with red-hot news about, and fresh insights into, the true inwardness of the ROOSEVELT Revolution. It is one of the most talkable books of our time, for it names names and speaks out boldly. In the words of CARL VAN DOREN, Editor-in-chief of *The Literary Guild of America,* which is sending out the book as its April selection, "No book yet written has come as near as *The New Dealers* to making the whole ROOSEVELT experiment intelligent and graphic."

A few chapter headings indicate the range and gusto of *The New Dealers:* THE INDUSTRIAL OGPU . . . FRENZIED FARMING . . . MAD MONEY . . . THE PRAETORIAN GUARD . . . THE BLACK CHAMBERS . . . FALLEN ANGELS . . . PUBLIC ENEMIES. . . .

Fifty-five members of the High Command are portrayed in this book—critically, sympathetically, realistically, honestly,—above all, fascinatingly. . . . At the price of $2.75 (*book-sellers please note!*) this works out to 5c per New Dealer—the biggest literary buy of the season, in the opinion of those intensely prejudiced and even more highly excited New Dealers . . .

—ESSANDESS.

To The ONE READER in a Thousand

. . . who is willing to risk his time and money in the hope of discovering a new literary talent; who would like to read for himself today the work of an author that everyone may be reading tomorrow; who is able to perceive under the unfamiliar style of a new writer the qualities that indicate a great future. To such a reader we recommend a novel by a young Dutch American, *David Cornell De Jong,* entitled *BELLY FULLA STRAW.* Ask your bookseller about it.

Alfred A. Knopf, Publisher, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The President himself explains

—his administration

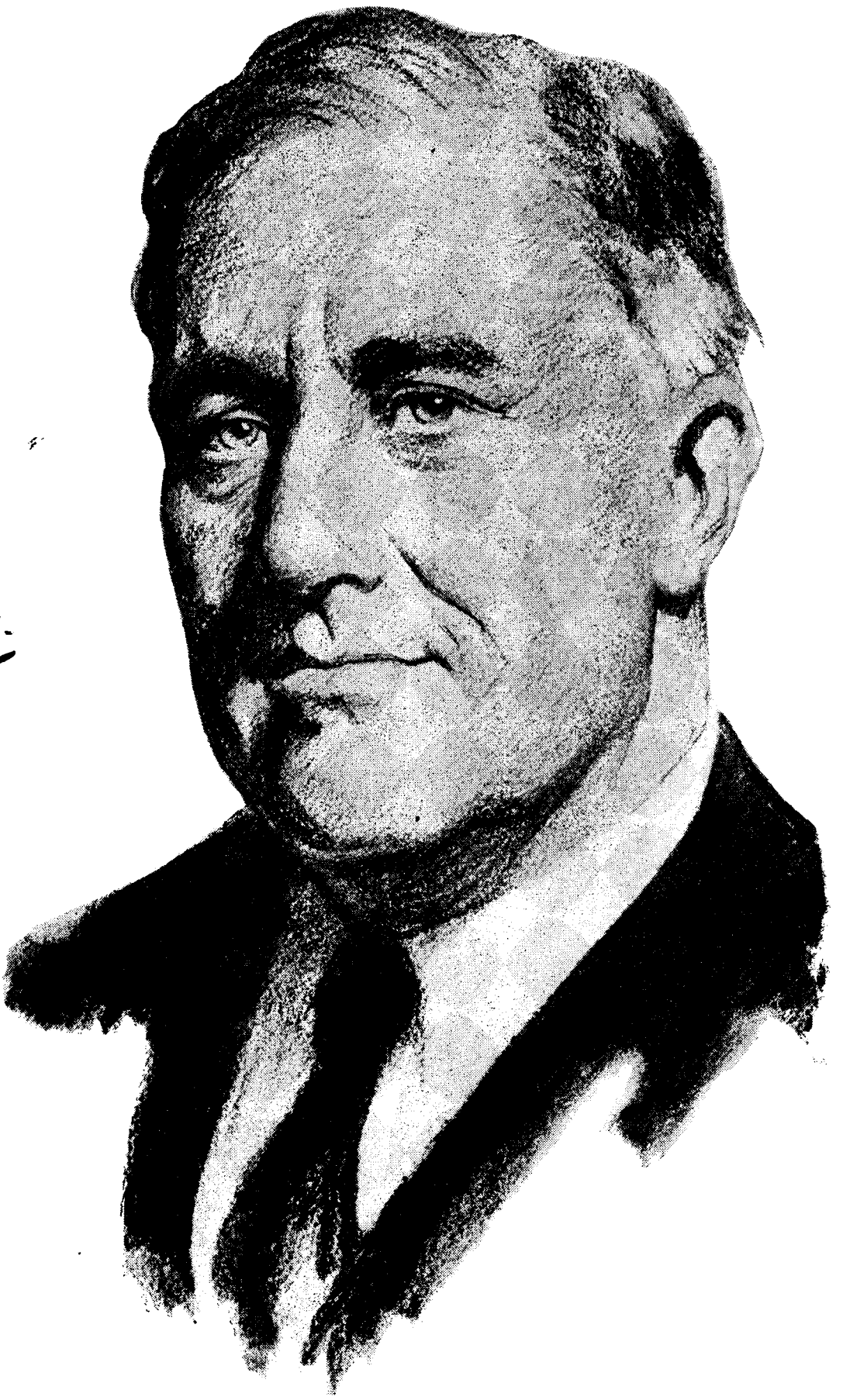
—his aims

—his policies

—his achievements

—his program

IN HIS NEW BOOK



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT'S

Personal Report to Every Citizen

ON OUR WAY

JUST PUBLISHED $2.50

John Day Books, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED